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The Still-vexed Pacific

IT is not only in the United States that party dissensions over the problem of the Pacific seem likely to deal a shrewd blow to bi-partisan foreign policy. In a letter published in *The Times* on Jan. 10th, Lord Salisbury, writing with the authority of Opposition leader in the Upper House, roundly condemned the Government's decision to recognise Red China. This supine acquiescence in the accomplished fact, he argued, meant that Communism had been "granted a bloodless victory, the repercussions of which may be of a grave and far-reaching character." This may well be the cue for a Tory line of attack in the forthcoming election campaign. For the Churchillian "Gestapo" of the last election, substitute "G.P.U."

For one thing, at least, we have cause to be thankful. The victory of Mr. Acheson inside the Truman Cabinet has steered Anglo-American relations in the Far East past one particularly ugly reef. Around Christmas, Republican Congressmen, supported by most of the press, had nearly stampeded the Administration into undeclared war on the Chinese Communist Republic. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, while not regarding Formosa as of prime strategic importance, had reached the view (held strongly by General MacArthur) that, in friendly hands, the island could be "a valuable irritant against the Communist-held mainland"; and their recommendation was that at all events a Military Mission should be dispatched to Formosa. The President was credited with having demanded a "clear-cut affirmative Asia policy" before the reassembly of Congress. All this suggested that, if the British Government carried out its intention—communicated to the Dominions in mid-December—of recognising the new regime in China early in January, we might be placed in the embarrassing position of acting in the Pacific in direct conflict with the measures taken by the United States.

In the event, this acute embarrassment has been avoided. At a meeting of the National Security Council, from which Defence Secretary Louis Johnson was a significant absentee, on December 29, Mr. Acheson was successful in his advocacy, against the Pentagon fire-eaters, of a policy of caution. Possibly, too, General Bradley had second thoughts about Formosa when it came to counting the military cost of overt American intervention. However that may be, the meeting was followed—to the fury of the Republicans—by a formal declaration by the President that the United States would not pursue a course which would "lead to involvement in the civil conflict in China," and that it accordingly would not provide "military aid or advice to the Nationalist forces on Formosa."

So far, so good: the way was clear for British recognition. It would be optimistic, however, to suppose that the problems with which the Colombo Conference is dealing have been altogether simplified, or that the policies of Britain and America in the Far East are now entirely in step. Unlike Pandit Nehru, the Australian, New Zealand and Canadian Premiers are evidently in no mind to accord immediate recognition to Mao Tse-tung: they apparently share Senator Vandenberg's view that Communist China has "not yet qualified for recognition." Moreover, the newly affirmed American line of non-intervention in Formosa is apparently to be accompanied by a general increase in U.S. armed strength in the Western Pacific, military aid for South Korea and assistance to Bao Dai and the French occupation troops against the popular forces in Viet Nam.

Finally, there is the question of Chinese representation at Lake Success. On Tuesday, a Soviet motion for the exclusion of the Kuomintang delegate from the Security Council was defeated—Britain voting with the United States against it. This, however, cannot be regarded as a final decision. Dr. Tsiang can hardly be accepted much longer as representative of China, particularly when the Communist Government has been recognised, not only by Britain, but by four other members of the Security Council. Russia is certain to renew her motion; no member of the Council can reasonably oppose it after Dr. Tsiang's month as chairman is over. Then the question is bound to arise whether Mao Tse-tung's delegate is to be excluded from Lake Success by an American exercise of the veto.

Politically, the Pacific is a still-vexed area. There is the disputed Japanese peace treaty; and there is even a chance of complications arising from the fact that the United States may still accept juridically a Nationalist naval blockade which Britain should now logically regard as piracy. But it is to be hoped that the Colombo Conference will not exhaust its energies in endeavouring to concert, in conformity with the U.S. line, measures for the military confinement of Communism in South-East Asia and the Pacific. What is needed to-day is an urgent programme of economic assistance—to Indonesia, to Malaya and, even more immediately, to the gravely embarrassed regime in Burma.

The State of the Union

In his annual report to Congress, Mr. Truman has again asked for the "progressive" legislation that Congress has so far failed to pass. Once more the President asks Congress for a "fair" labour law to replace the Taft-Hartley Act, for stronger legislative barriers to monopolies, for continued rent control and a housing programme. But the two most controversial demands are for the Brannan farm programme and for a national system of health insurance.

The Brannan plan, which has been gaining ground among the small farmers, is still bitterly opposed by the large and most powerful farm interests, who prefer the present system of price supports to Secretary Brannan's scheme for maintaining high farm incomes by subsidy and reducing prices to the consumer. Every kind of attack is being made against the "Socialist" idea of medical insurance, but the President clearly thinks it worth votes among families worried by high hospital and medical expenses.

It is clear from the President's message, which also included renewed demands for wider social security laws, improved educational facilities, and for both a Columbia Valley Authority and the St. Lawrence Seaway, that he believes the planks in his Fair Deal platform to be still good politics as well as good proposals for the national welfare. And, with the mid-term elections approaching, it is the President's duty to keep an eye on his party's political fences. Such political considerations may well lead him to be more conciliatory towards Congress if it is prepared to meet him half-way. If not, his record is clean.

But will things work out that way? The break with the Republicans on Far East policy may make things much more difficult for the Administration in Congress. While nobody takes seriously Mr. Bricker's suggestion of a formal fusion between the Dixiecrats and the Republicans, their working alliance against the Fair Deal is bound to become more aggressive in coming months.

Eloquent Dollars

Congress holds the purse strings. None of Mr. Truman's Fair Deal aspirations can come to anything unless Congress finds the money; and, in a period of continuing prosperity, Congress does not like to see a budget deficit used to finance a welter of social legislation. It is even becoming economy-minded about the Budget as a whole. Mr. Truman wants $42.4 billions spent in the next financial year, of which Congress has to find all but $5 billions by taxation. Already, anticipating the mauling that Congress is expected to give to the Marshall Plan funds, the President has himself reduced his request for foreign aid funds by one-fifth and has begged Congress not to "cripple" E.C.A.

Next year, at best, Europe will get only $3 billions. A further half-billion will go on other "aid" and "occupation" costs, including a mere $25 millions for technical assistance to backward areas. This allocation for Point Four may suffice to do pilot work for private investors, but it is quite inadequate to the speed and scale which the problem demands.

Financially, the Fair Deal is really a spoonful in the Treasury bucket. The American taxpayer's dollar is going, on an increasing scale, into past and future war expenses. Apart from foreign aid, more than fifty-five cents of every dollar are going to rearmament, war-debt and Veterans' payments. Domestic reform must get pushed back in the queue when arms spending assumes such proportions.

Mr. Truman, however, seems to be confident that the economy will stand it. In one sense, he is right: the economy would be much worse off without the billions pumped in by Federal spending. This, as much as anything, was what checked the recession last year. If Mr. Truman really believes in his dream of a continuously expanding national income, *without war*, he will have also to work out a way of securing it without using armaments as a pump-primer.

Coalition in Italy

The Naples conference of the Italian Democratic Socialists ended, as forecast in these columns, with a decision to shelve the question of fusion with the factions led by Romita and Silone, now merged (with the blessing of Transport House) in a Unitary Socialist group, and to approve the re-entry of Saragat and his two ex-Ministerial colleagues into the Government. True, the re-entry is to be on terms; de Gasperi's Demochristians must agree to a long-term economic plan aimed at solving the problem of unemployment, and trade union privileges—especially the right to strike—must be safeguarded. The Premier should find little difficulty in conceding, on paper, these imprecise demands, and it may be taken for granted that the Coalition will shortly be refurbished by the inclusion of the Saragattiani. This will leave opposition substantially in the hands of the Togliatti-Nenni alliance, with the Unitary Socialists in an uncomfortable no-man's land.

That the Saragattiani will be able to exercise any effective influence on governmental policy is highly unlikely. All the evidence points to de Gasperi's pursuing a more and more reactionary policy. Of this, the latest symptom is the sanguinary affair at Modena, where a demonstration in support of locked-out steel workers was fired on by the police—five being killed and eighteen wounded. The result has been a general strike throughout the province of Emilia and a national strike, throughout Italy, of metal and engineering workers.

New Broom in Egypt

The sweeping victory of the Wafd in the Egyptian General Election provides Nahas Pasha with a comfortable Parliamentary majority based on free elections and, apparently, popular support in the country. This alone would be sufficient to make his Government unique in the Arab Middle East; but, for the time being at least, the Wafd has further strengthened its position in the country and in world affairs by an "expedient" reconciliation between Nahas Pasha and King Farouk. For the first time since the end of the war, Egypt thus enjoys the rule of a stable Government which need not be afraid either of the Palace or of popular opposition. This has been the precondition on which Mr. Bevin has insisted before re-opening negotiations for a new Anglo-Egyptian Treaty which would regularise the position of our troops in the Suez Canal Zone and clarify the future status of the Sudan.

Tentative Anglo-Egyptian talks have been proceeding for some time but have lately been marking time until the result of the Egyptian elections was known. Now Mr. Bevin, it seems, intends to break his journey home from Colombo for a brief meeting with King Farouk and the new Wafd Premier. This time, however, further delay will be caused by our own General Election; for there is no issue of foreign policy on which Labour and Tory views have parted company so markedly as on Egypt. The memories of Lord Lloyd and of Conservative speeches during the Parliamentary debates in 1946 are still vivid in the Egyptian memory. The Wafd will thus be very cautious before committing itself without knowing whether the new Treaty will have to be ratified by a Labour or Tory House of Commons.

Too Much Steel?

Advocates of restrictionism in economic policy will doubtless hail with satisfaction the Report on "European Steel Trends" just published by the Secretariat of the Economic Commission for Europe. The picture which it presents of the situation in 1953 is:—

Production	Million tons
Marshall Plan countries and Spain	48.8
Germany	12.0
Eastern Europe (excluding U.S.S.R.)	9.5
Total	70.3
Consumption	58
Exports	4
Surplus capacity	8

We are far from gainsaying the Secretariat's conclusion that there is need for a realistic review of some of the steel production projects planned optimistically, on autarkic lines, in the O.E.E.C. area. It is questionable, for instance, whether it is economically sound, that Greece, Turkey, the Netherlands and Norway should aim at achieving, by 1953, such an immense increase of steel output as they propose over their pre-1945 figures. But, though there is everything to be said for closer co-ordination of Western Europe's steel plans—bearing in mind the limitations imposed by the availability of "scrap"—the estimates in the Report are open to serious objection. Their failure to deal in any positive fashion with measures to stimulate demand seems likely to encourage a reversion to the restrictive policies which were the curse of the European steel industry before the war. Moreover, even if the figures of planned production are in fact attained, the estimates of consumption seem unduly low.

Unfounded Pessimism

In the first place, though the authors of the Report are probably right to assume that Europe will not secure, in competition with America, more than an 80 per cent share of world exports, the probable consumption in several extra-European markets is calculated with great conservatism. For instance, China's consumption in 1953 is put at only 600,000 tons, whereas her attainment of even India's meagre *per capita* consumption of 5 kg. would call for 2.5 million tons of steel. The probable

net imports of Latin America are also estimated with extreme caution.

Above all, the Secretariat seems to take a singularly defeatist view of steel consumption in Europe itself. The assumption on which it proceeds is that, between now and 1953, there will be "no general depression" but that "full employment may not be maintained." Admittedly, if political "cold war" frustrates all hopes of European recovery, these forebodings may be justified. Nevertheless, it is pertinent to point out that Europe's estimated *per capita* consumption in 1953, on the basis of a total of 58 million tons in crude steel equivalent, would only be one-fourth of the corresponding figure in the United States to-day.

If Europe is to go back to the situation in the inter-war period, when steel production was geared to immense, persistent unemployment, then it may be that present plans, if they are executed in full, will result in a surplus of steel capacity—though, even so, the Report gives too little weight to the need to replace old, high-cost steel capacity. Accepting these conclusions, however, implies abandoning the very idea of full employment, and also discarding any hopes that there will be a great expansion of *indirect* steel exports, in the form of finished engineering goods, from Western Europe to Eastern Europe and the U.S.S.R. Certainly there is nothing in the Report which would warrant modification of Britain's relatively modest plans for a rate of steel production in 1953 barely 30 per cent. in excess of the pre-1945 figure. Full employment will call for all that steel and more.

Achievement and Challenge

Sir Stafford Cripps was wise, in his review of the year's economic record, to stress the magnitude of Great Britain's achievement. It is inevitably difficult to steer a right course between congratulations on what has been done and emphasis on the size of the task that remains. By any standard other than that of the immensity of the effort needed to achieve economic independence on a secure basis we have done wonders.

A rise of 20 per cent. output for each man-year in two years is astonishingly large. The rise of 5 per cent. in 1949 does not equal the improvement of 1948; but it could not possibly be expected to do so, especially in face of the serious setbacks due mainly to the American recession during the early part of the year. Even with rapidly increasing man-power, a yearly growth of 3 per cent. in total output has in the past been regarded as a highly satisfactory rate of progress. Five per cent., with largely obsolescent plant and a practically stationary working population is a remarkable achievement. Coal-mining has done big things with a dwindling labour force: steel, with the workers doing their best for one reason and the employers for another, has also come out outstandingly well. Even building has improved notably; and overall output, as far as it can be measured, is nearly 30 per cent. higher than before the war.

Home output, of course, is not the whole story. We have the entire sterling area to think of; we have to work in with a planless Europe that prefers "free enterprise" to social justice; and our burden of commitments is appalling.

Foreword to February

WITH the date of the election decided, the British people, who between times are content to grumble at their rulers, settle down to some weeks of intense political discussion. The time for knock-about stunts at the hustings is long since past. As was proved in 1945, this is an adult and responsible electorate which wants to know the facts before making up its own mind and rebuffs attempts to stampede it.

The Labour Party in this campaign has two tasks: first, to show that the completion of the Socialist structure begun in 1945 is necessary for the maintenance of full employment and for our survival as a nation; and secondly, to make the voters realise in terms of their own lives the meaning of a return to Tory rule. In fulfilling these two tasks Mr. Morrison should not worry unduly about placating the middle class by electoral concessions; those whose minds are not yet made up will be convinced far more by evidence that Labour has a realistic plan for the crisis. What should cause anxiety at Transport House is the apathy apparent in certain working-class districts. The aim of Labour's campaign should be to destroy this apathy by intensive political education.

In this task we believe that the booklet *Keeping Left* should be of great value. Just because it is the work of a dozen Socialists who in this Parliament have not been afraid to offer constructive criticism, its assessment of the Government's remarkable achievements is all the more impressive. As backbenchers, moreover, the authors of *Keeping Left* are able to discuss the difficulties which confront the Cabinet and the T.U.C. and to suggest the long-term solutions with a frankness impossible to Ministers.

The central argument of *Keeping Left* is that the achievement of full employment and "fair shares" within a mixed economy is an experiment with far more revolutionary implications than most people envisaged in 1945. It removes the main incentives of capitalism—the workers' fear of the sack and the employers' hope of unrestricted profits—and it gives to the worker responsibilities in wage negotiations and in production which he was previously denied. So far, judged by unchallengeable statistics of production, the experiment has succeeded. But as unrest in the trade union movement amply proves, we cannot long remain in the present half-way house. Britain must either go forward towards a fully planned Socialist economy, in which the trade unions assume far wider responsibilities, or relapse into deflation and unemployment.

This, indeed, is the single dominant issue in the mind of the electorate. We have seen in Australia and New Zealand the fate of two Labour Governments which tried to build the Welfare State without attacking economic privilege or making economic power the servant of the community. They failed to appease their opponents and they were divided by the apathy of their supporters. Victory for a democratic Socialist party depends on convincing the Labour movement that it is really keeping Left.

Socialist Foreign Policy

DEMOCRATIC Socialism attempts to create a social system in which ordinary people have a chance of living happy lives. It believes that it is possible to create the organisation necessary for economic well-being without degrading individuals into mere instruments of the State or of any other supra-individual artifact. It is as individualistic as it is Socialist: indeed Socialism is the only available means of giving the individual a fair chance of living his own life.

This, says the Social Democrat, is desirable and possible; but, though possible, it is a very difficult ideal to translate into terms of practical politics in the world of to-day. The Labour Government, during the past five years, has done much in this art of translation, within the field its leaders understand best. Domestically, it has gone further towards making the elementary decencies of civilised conduct a working practice than most people thought possible. That is why the Tories are so angry; the very root of their philosophy is that "fair shares" and "fair chances" for all cannot be made to work. And yet, it must be admitted, in this unstable world situation, everything the Labour Government has achieved rests on foundations so ill-assured that no one can feel any certainty that it may not be swept away by an avalanche against which neither high ideals nor sound domestic policies can afford protection. For democratic Socialism, in the world to-day, stands between two huge forces, each vastly superior to it in physical resources and armed power.

In plain terms, we are between the Russian and the American leviathans; we are in no condition, even were all Western Europe united, to make a third in the conflict for world power. A Third Force, if thought of as meaning an armed force able to stand up for itself in war, is just nonsense. If the words "Third Force" have any meaning, as we think they have, it is a meaning in terms not of armies or aeroplanes or atomic bombs, but of ideas held by a very large number of people in many countries. There is at any rate this to be said for ideas, that their rate of technical obsolescence is much slower than that of military equipment or even of national power.

The ideas of British Socialism, if they can be expressed in foreign policy more effectively in Labour's Second Term than they have been in the first five years, may yet enable the necessary social change to take place in our time without a third world war. At the very least, they are a more effective defence of this country than the items on which we are spending £800,000,000 in the Defence Estimates.

How are these ideas to be made effective in a two bloc world? At the centre of this problem lies the whole issue of relations with America,

When Marshall Aid was offered, we were told that there were no military strings attached to it, and that it would not make us satellites of America in a war, hot or cold, against Communism. Two years later, we find ourselves tied up in an Atlantic Pact that involves precisely this, and commits us to heavy military costs both in Europe and in the Far East. It may be argued that this is the Soviet Union's fault; that, by reacting as they did to Marshall Aid, the Russians made its conversion into a military alliance unavoidable. That is at least partly true; but its truth does not alter the fact that the result is disastrous.

It is disastrous above all for democratic Socialism because, as long as the cold war continues, Labour, over a large part of Western Europe, is bound to be so divided as to be incapable of playing a master part either in national affairs or in building up supra-national collaboration. This is so because the heavy weight of the U.S.A. is thrown, in practice, consistently on the side of the Right-wing parties, as the upholders of private enterprise; and the strength thus given to reactionary influences drives a large part of the working classes straight into the Communist camp. Without a *modus vivendi* between the Soviet Union and the United States, the workers of Western Europe must remain in a limbo from which escape can only be found in one or other extreme. Nor is it less the truth that only such a *détente*, with a consequent re-opening of unrestricted East-West trade, can provide the conditions requisite for Western European economic recovery.

It follows that believers in democratic Socialism must seize every opportunity of working for such a *détente*. The problem is that there are two conflicting views about the right immediate course. On one view, the best hope lies in confronting the Russians with the fullest possible practical demonstration of Western Europe's will to resist aggression and of America's will to come to Western Europe's defence. On the other view, the more Western Europe gets tied up militarily with the Americans, the more will the Soviet Union isolate itself economically and politically, while hitting back with aid to "anti-imperialist" movements wherever it can—for example in the Colonies, in the Middle and Far East, and through its influence on the workers in Italy and France. On the evidence of the past, the second view is correct; but it does not follow that the first view is wholly wrong. Western Europe cannot do without an assurance that America will come to its help in case of direct military attack; but it can avoid committing itself to military expenditures which it cannot afford, and it should resist American pressure to accept such commitments.

In effect, it is of prime importance to Britain, as the potential leader of a democratic bloc in Western Europe, continually to affirm in action its independence of American influence. In doing so, it should appeal to the democratic forces inside the United States—forces which have become increasingly powerful in domestic American politics but have so far failed to have much effect on the foreign policies, economic and diplomatic, of the U.S. State Department. The best hope for a recovery of democratic Socialism in Western Europe lies in the ability of these progressive American elements to influence external policies, and to force recognition in America that the cold war is a disaster only less than war itself. In short, the aim in world politics should be an agreement, if only to differ, which would leave the world still divided into rival spheres of influence, but would enable Western Europe to survive, not as a mere satellite of the U.S.A., but as an ideological bridge between the two giants.

This thesis is worked out at some length in *Keeping Left*, the Socialist election pamphlet which is published this week. Its authors admit, with more than usual frankness, the dilemmas of a Labour Government whose foreign policy so largely depends on unpredictable domestic developments in the United States. We are particularly glad to note their insistence that America and Western Europe are probably not the areas where the decisive battle will be fought; and the stress they lay on the social revolution among the colonial peoples of Asia and Africa. A negative policy of resistance to Communism, which in "backward areas" means only too often resistance to all social revolution however desirable, the authors point out, merely has the effect of driving most of the world's inhabitants into the Russian sphere of influence.

It is a good augury for the future that the last act of the Labour Government has been boldly to recognise Communist China; and it is fair to recognise that, if Britain had not been urging this course during recent months, President Truman would scarcely have been in a position to turn down the provocative demand of the Republican Party for an American military occupation of Formosa. If a Conservative Government had been in power here, the Republican view would have prevailed in Washington, and so the chances of a third world war beginning in Asia would have been greatly increased. One lesson of Labour's First Term is that a bi-partisan policy is usually a bad policy and that actions which Mr. Attlee and Mr. Truman take against the advice of Mr. Dulles, Mr. Churchill and Lord Salisbury are likely to be steps towards that "agreement to disagree" without which neither the American Fair Deal nor British Socialism can survive.

That Fourth Point

EXACTLY a year ago, President Truman, as a sonorous Fourth Point in his inaugural address to Congress, called for "a bold new programme for making the benefits of American scientific advance and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of under-developed areas." In conception, nothing could have been more admirable. Is there, after all, any problem in the world of greater significance than the immense difference between the productivity and wealth of the average American citizen on the one hand and an Asian or African on the other? Make the benefits of American progress available for all, and most of the ills with which we are plagued disappear, or fall into an entirely new perspective.

But it is one thing for an American President to hit the nail on the head with a fine flourish, and quite another for the carpenters of the world to know what nails they must painstakingly hit next. All through 1949, experts have consulted, United Nations organisations have forgathered, and representatives of Government departments have sat in conclave—trying, with little success, to erect a model from the Fourth Point blue-print. The question is what *form* shall American help take? Most people have visions of loans or gifts, amounting to hundreds (or thousands) of millions of dollars. The dollars are to express themselves in equipment of all sorts, accompanied by American technicians who will apply their knowledge and tools to large-scale development projects designed to make deserts blossom, and to wring from the earth untold new agricultural and mineral wealth. But in practice these visions pale disappointingly. The Americans do not see things in quite this way, and the development of backward lands is a much trickier business than is generally appreciated.

Our first experience of realities has come under the Marshall Plan. Part of Marshall Aid is earmarked for developing the Colonies of Western Europe. It is laid down that these dollars may be used for three purposes—for providing technical assistance, for the development of strategic materials, or for financing the dollar equipment required in Government projects of which the Americans approve. O.E.E.C. has a special Overseas Territories Working Group on which French, Belgians, Dutch and British engage in a spate of talking and writing, and present the Americans with a pile of documented background information. But the results are meagre. The provision of technical assistance has been, to put it inelegantly, a flop.

First, there is no panel of American experts just waiting to be called on. Each Colonial Office has to hunt for the experts it wants, and they are hard to find. And when a suitable man is found, his dollar salary is paid for from the Marshall funds, but his expenses, which have to be met by the Colonial Government, often amount to more than the whole salary and allowances of a British technician. The total number of American technicians who have actually gone to the British Colonies may be counted, easily, on less than ten fingers.

There are other obstacles when it comes to the development of strategic materials or help for special Government projects. Colonial Governments have to plan comprehensively for a whole area; they cannot select one scheme out of its turn because it happens to call for a dollar allocation, and adjust all their staffing and finance accordingly. Nor do these dramatic "projects", in terms of which the Americans enjoy thinking, for the most part exist. It is understandably irritating to Colonial officials, who are trying to carry through carefully prepared Ten-Year Development Plans, to have to break into their work in

order to put forward, in minute detail, a plea for dollars for one particular scheme, and to run the gauntlet of detailed questioning on all its ins and outs. The irritation is not diminished by the knowledge that the sum available for all the Colonies of all the Western Powers under this head in 1949–50 is of the order of no more than twenty million dollars.

Now comes Point Four. Nothing has yet happened other than preliminary talk, mainly at the U.N. Economic and Social Council. Here the discussion has been concerned almost wholly with technical assistance. A plan was put forward by the Secretary-General, which would cost $36 million in the first year; but the Council reduced it to $20 million—to be contributed, not only by the U.S., but by all nations who would agree. Legislation is now before Congress to enable the U.S. to pay its share, but has not yet been passed. In the meantime, it has been indicated unofficially to Britain that her Colonies would rank very low in any claims; and it is even expected in London that Britain may find herself paying into this pool more than she draws out.

But there is another aspect to the Fourth Point. The Americans have been speaking of using public dollars for guarantees to private American capital, which will thus be encouraged to invest in undeveloped areas. Up to now, the private American capitalist has been decidedly, and understandably, cautious. From our point of view, this is no drawback. Easy "projects," which would enable an entrepreneur to make assured profits, hardly exist. Moreover, even if they do in theory, so much is first needed in the way of public services—provision of transport, power and an organised labour force—that we cannot be expected to leap with enthusiasm at the idea of our supplying all this as the groundwork on which American investors can build "guaranteed" profits. What we really do need is generous dollar help in expanding our development programmes, which already plan for a wide network of all sorts of public services. But that is the one thing that the Fourth Pointers do not seem to consider.

With such help, something great might really be done to change the whole complexion of life in, say, Africa, for tens of millions of people. But short of this, niggardly help, with strings and terms and questionnaires attached, becomes more of an aggravation than anything else. For, within the limits for which we have already planned, things are not going at all badly. The acute shortages of men and equipment, which held us up a couple of years ago, are no longer so acute; and in 1950, for the first time, we shall probably touch the ceiling of expenditure allowed for one year under the Colonial Development and Welfare Act.

The Ten-Year Plans for the individual Colonies—financed by our own £120 million under this Act, and by a further £200 million or more raised in the Colonies themselves—are at last gathering momentum. In addition, there is £110 million which the Colonial Development Corporation may spend on individual schemes. True, only £14,500,000 of this has so far been allocated, but the C.D.C. has only been going for little over a year; it is considering a hundred or more different proposals, and the Corporation is probably right to go cautiously and see that each is a well-thought scheme before it plunges. The one thing it must not do is to repeat the groundnuts errors. What has held it up is rather need for careful planning than shortage of dollars or of supplies. There is no need for tears because the $5 million loan from the International Bank has not come off. If the Bank wishes to lay down difficult conditions, we are to-day sufficiently independent to walk out of the negotiating room.

This is not to say that we can be complacent with our own successes as colonial developers—far from it. Whether our plans are really effective in raising colonial living standards; whether they are anything like big enough to scratch at more than the surface of the problem; whether we have managed to infuse the colonial peoples with one iota of enthusiasm; whether, in fact, we have succeeded in bringing in the colonial peoples on this planning at all—all these are challenging question-marks. But the point at the moment is that American help, as at present envisaged, is not only sorely circumscribed in scale, but is doing nothing to help us answer these problems, or to meet our real difficulties. Maybe in backward areas where there is no planning or *expertise* at all, the Fourth Pointers will find their uses. But for the moment they are even further away from understanding the needs and realities in the undeveloped lands than we are ourselves.

RITA HINDEN

Dutch Diary

THOUGH I do not live among skyscrapers, I understand what the American meant when he said that Holland reminded him of a doll's house. The rows of neat two-storey houses, gaily painted, and unnaturally clean; the children in bright woollen rompers, running out to play by the canals, like figures in a Breughel picture; the diminutive bakers' shops full of a delightful variety of bread, cakes, and *pumpernickel*; the trams running uninterrupted from town to town; the featureless seashore, mile after mile of impeccable sand running up into roughly carpentered dunes—all this is exactly as a child would build a world for play-time. Some divine nurse has passed a duster over everything: the roofs and pavements are as spick and span as the front steps. This is the perfect bourgeois world. One cannot associate it with violence or revolution or even excitement. It is comfortable, kindly, slow-moving, unimaginative and perfectly conventional. I can think of no other country where the political parties are still precisely founded on the religious struggles of the 17th century; where Catholicism, solid and reactionary, is yet less reactionary than Calvinism; where the Socialist Party, the second largest, achieves only a small measure of success in appealing to believers and agnostics to unite on a political programme, irrespective of their religious differences.

* * *

On the surface there has been little change in this most agreeable fairy-tale world, but you need not walk very far or have more than ordinarily sharp eyes to perceive that Holland is profoundly affected by the world revolution. I do not merely mean that prices are very high and wages are low, although my Dutch friends tell me that soon, when coffee, the only commodity left on the ration, is uncontrolled, the price will be completely prohibitive to ordinary people. Nor do I over-emphasise the surely significant little fact that it is often quite hard to get change for small amounts in Holland today; taxi-drivers grab extortionate tips and tram conductors sometimes touch their caps and stick to a penny or two above the fare. These are all symptoms of insecurity, like the fact that the police do not wear identity numbers, carry revolvers and are occasionally, as in the case of an unhappy student at the Hague, much too quick on the trigger. If you want the clue to the feeling of insecurity, walk through Amsterdam and note the evidence that Holland is not really a manufacturing, producing country, but one of merchants who are every day finding narrower limits to adventure. Entrepôt trade with Germany may perhaps come back, but the Dutch have cause to fear as well as to welcome German revival. The great affair was business with the East Indies. Almost every house in Holland has relatives who lived in the East Indies and many have married Indonesians. In the past, the Dutch bourgeoisie has lived, to a far greater extent than the British ever did, on remittances from its colonial empire, and now they feel that their empire is going, if it has not already gone.

* * *

The Socialist Party were divided on the Indonesian question: some resigned over the first "police action" against the Indonesians, others over the second, but in the end the whole Party stood solidly, if not very enthusiastically, for the agreement. Outside the ranks of Labour, however, you will find, at best, a reluctant acceptance of the new United States of Indonesia. Here fear is not of the Russians, but of America, which finally united with Britain and Australia in pressing a settlement on the Dutch Government. Many Dutch people attribute interested motives to the United States. My Dutch middle-class friend put the matter concisely: "We've spent our money and lives in Indonesia," she said, "Our boys, it seems, have died for nothing. The Indonesians have hardly any technicians or experts or Government people. They are not trained to run the country. That means that they will turn us out and then borrow money and managers from America. The Dutch will now be very poor, and in ten years time we shall find that all we have done is to give up our empire to the United States."

* * *

This is rash prophecy, but it is not baseless. The Dutch never had a party, like the British Labour Party, agitating for Indonesian freedom; one would search far and wide in Holland for any imaginative understanding of the Indonesian point of view. They are naturally proud of the administration of Java. But it never seems to occur to them that the Indonesians may have any good reasons for wanting independence or that, in boasting of the full development and over-population of Java, they call attention to the neglect of all the rest of this vast area which stretches on the map as far as from the Atlantic coast of Ireland to the Caspian Sea.

They tell you how good Indonesian education has been, and Indonesians freely admit that a handful of them have had the best education the Dutch schools and universities can give. But how few! And if there were more educated Indonesians, would they now be complaining that there are no Indonesians ready to run their country? In short, Holland has looked at the matter mainly as a matter of business and been only very reluctantly persuaded that it is better business to agree to Indonesian freedom and retain trade than to continue a civil war in face of the disapproval of the United Nations.

* * *

I found no disposition among the Dutch or Indonesian students to expect an easy future for the new United States of Indonesia. They are probably right in dismissing as a temporary nuisance the present trouble in West Java, where Westerling, notorious for his part in a massacre of Indonesians in the Celebes, is leading a minor revolt. The Dutch Government is now as clear as the Indonesian about the need for suppressing these freebooters. The problem is how quickly so politically immature a country, which has suddenly gained independence, can be politically and technically trained to make use of it. The Indonesian National Movement has no history of organisation and agitation behind it comparable, for instance, with that of the Indian National Congress. The masses still think in personal, almost patriarchal, terms. In Indonesia, as everywhere else in South-East Asia, one of the key questions is the attitude of the overseas Chinese. One Chinese, from Java, who was by no means a Communist, was quite clear about his determination to return to China and throw in his lot with the revolution. Another, speaking with equal emphasis, said: "Every Chinese must choose. Either he goes back to China now, or he should give up thinking in terms of loyalty to China." The overseas Chinese, he said, must not become foreign minorities in newly independent countries. He was going back to Indonesia where, as he put it, he intended "to live, work and die."

* * *

Was it because that dangerous international revolutionary "Critic" was going to speak at the conference of Socialist youth near Haarlem that two Dutch police officers suddenly had orders to attend all its meetings? I doubt it. It seems more likely that the authorities merely wished to assert their right to watch over any conference at which European and non-European Socialists were discussing world affairs. But that is anyone's guess; no explanation was forthcoming. The fact is that the hundred odd members of the Conference, half from Asia and half from Europe, were all Social-Democrats and, more important, all interested, not in propaganda, but in seriously trying to think out their position as Socialists in a world every day more sharply divided between Eastern Communists and Western capitalists. The Dutch organizers of the Conference naturally refused to allow the police to attend the lectures and the telephones were buzzing with the outraged protests of students and friendly Deputies on the one hand, and the Catholic Minister of Justice. A comic compromise was reached. The police would not demand to be present if the meetings were not reported: only a communiqué might be issued, the terms of which would have to be agreed by the Editor of the *Frei Volk*, the Dutch *Daily Herald*! In the end it was generally held that the incident was to be treated mainly as a joke, and that the students had won a victory. It was added that students had fought unavailingly against two Dutch "police actions" in Indonesia, but they had won the third police action at their own international school.

CRITIC

WHO GOES HOME?

On breaking-up day at the school of St. Stephens,
An M.P. was bidding his locker good-bye—
The stored-up possessions of five crowded sessions,
His speeches and notes in the locker piled high;
White papers and blue books, his used books and new books,
His folders and files crammed the hole in the wall—
While sadly he packed up his locker so stacked up
The song of his classmates he heard in the Hall.

"No more Latin, no more French,
No more sitting on the hard back bench,
No more chalk-and-blackboard smell,
No more listening for the lobby bell,
No more yawning while the Front Bench drips,
No more Wiggings and no more Whips!"

The M.P. his locker unlocked at St. Stephens
And wondered when he and his locker would meet,
Would the locker be locked up by another be stocked up,
The one little locker that went with the seat?
The head prefect found him with blue books all round him,
And knee-deep in papers piled up on the floor,
To his lost locker clinging while his classmates were singing,
And the end-of-term chorus burst out in a roar—

"No more rissoles, no more hash,
Barking sausages and warmed-up mash,
No more classes in the Commons' gloom,
No more ragging in the smoking-room,
No more letters about wage-freeze,
No more swatting for us M.P.s!

"No more shoving in the back bench form,
No more dozing in the Commons' dorm.,
No more prep on world affairs,
No more Questions, no more prayers,
No more Speaker to growl 'Less noise!'
We go home!" sang St. Stephen's boys.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

At Boston Spa Young Conservatives' Christmas party, Santa Claus wore robes of blue instead of red.—*Yorkshire Evening Post.* (C. M. Marchinton.)

On railways the charge for dogs is according to distance. . . . There is no extra charge if the dog travels first class. A railway official said "Mongrel dogs often travel first class and pedigree dogs usually travel third. I think it may have something to do with the wages situation."—*Daily Telegraph.* (B. Elvey.)

Sedan chair, in good condition, required to enable two old people to visit each other, Wiltshire; museum pieces and fancy prices not entertained.—Advt. in *The Times.* (R. Thompson.)

Passengers on a Southend train crowded round the driver's cabin with congratulations to-day when it arrived three minutes early at Liverpool Street.—*Star.* (J. R. Roberts.)

Well-established School for Daughters of the New Poor. Delightful country house in beautiful surroundings in East Anglia. Individual tuition for Common Entrance, Scholarships, and School Certificate. Music, riding (own ponies), games, languages; excellent cuisine; medical references; ages from 8 years; moderate inclusive fees.—Advt. in *The Times.* (Beryl Hughes.)

The Tories, if returned to power, should disfranchise the masses of the proletariat, both male and female.—Letter in *Evening Standard.* (Henry Levitt.)

Superior widow would like a gentleman for companion, with motor preferred; farmer, if not a man.—Advt. in *Kentish Express.* (P. Blair-Richley.)

As Reading Goes

[This is the first of a series of impressions of key constituencies which we hope to publish before the General Election.]

"As Reading goes, so goes the nation." The creed of every politically-minded townsman is warranted by Reading's 95 per cent record of backing the winning party at General Elections ever since 1832. True, the division of the town into two constituencies raises a new problem; but the possibility of Labour's holding one and not the other only proves, said one local patriot, that the major parties will have 300 seats each in the new House of Commons.

Reading is a bit of everything, as typical an English town, and as devoid of special features, as you can well find. As a shopping centre for a populous rural region, it has a good number of people engaged in trade and distribution, and others in agricultural services or making farm equipment. Railwaymen are an important element in the labour movement, and riverside folk a community of their own. Industrially, one must add to the alliterative description "Biscuits, Bulbs, and Biros" a number of marine and general engineering firms, two big printing works, several laundries, and a diversity of small factories. Reading has avenues of suburban villas, and rows of little brick houses that are just not slums. Caversham—across the Thames, but part of the Reading North division—has a colony from the B.B.C. and a district of detached houses whence stockbrokers emerge to catch the 8.15 up; and it has four large post-war housing estates whose families were at the top of the Reading waiting list of 2,000.

Many Reading people have known poverty, for wages were always low in the many small and unorganised factories. But the town's diversity saved it from severe suffering from slump and unemployment. People in general appreciate the present good times and the benefits of Labour rule; yet they haven't that hatred of Toryism and dread of a return to the black past which are so strong where 1931 hit harder.

Among arbitrary divisions of the voters, the most instructive is by age groups. People in their forties are easily described. Except for the well-to-do, who grumble about bureaucracy and high taxes, these are the children of the General Strike and the slump. Labour has given them security, leisure, and the money to make leisure worth having. They are alert enough to criticise the Government's shortcomings—be it purchase tax, the axe-ing of a

new school, or Mr. Bevin's policy in Greece—but they could not, without a sense of shame, vote anything but Labour.

The old folk are still less critical. Their memories are of one pair of shoes shared between five children and fitting none; of fines imposed by foremen cutting into juvenile wages of five shillings a week for a ten-hour day; of noses pressed against shop windows where eggs and fruit were on sale. "You don't see that now," they wind up triumphantly. They have reached the haven, and cannot conceive of criticising the captain because waves are still beating at the harbour wall.

Labour need enter only two caveats here. Those who depend solely on their State pensions are often in genuine want, and some may protest, by abstention from the polls, against the Government's refusal to increase the pension. Then, elderly middle-class people speak resentfully of taxation levels, petrol rationing, the cost of private education, the "irresponsibility" of servants. They accuse the Government of trying to eliminate them in some sinister way, or at least of caring only for the young who "get things too easy nowadays." But one can't speak of Labour losing their votes, for very few of them voted Labour last time.

A sixty-year-old railwayman pushed back his spectacles and pronounced: "It's all settled beforehand. They're only holding the election so the Tories can make a show. You can't imagine folk not voting Labour in again." But the candidates and the agent would not thank him for spreading these views. They know that they have a sharp fight on their hands. The defeats in the 1947 and 1949 municipal elections prove that Labour needs a high poll to win.

For there are grievances in plenty, and especially among those below the age of thirty-five. The Conservatives are pinning their hopes on the young—especially the very young. These new voters, they think, are clamouring to buy a plot of land, take up a trowel, and build for themselves. The adventurous youth can be persuaded to yearn after untrammelled enterprise, to discard the panacea of nationalisation, and (if they are railwaymen) to demand Tory "good housekeeping" now that the railway losses have been announced.

That these appeals affect some young people, especially students, and that Labour must counter them, cannot be denied. But disgusted abstention is a greater bogy to Labour than conversion, and the reason is that many young voters stand not to the Right of the Government, but to its Left. Whatever the aspect of affairs on which they concentrate, they think that Labour has slowed down, lost its fire, needs a good shaking.

Foreign policy is the least discussed of subjects and is not, as yet, an issue between the parties. Yet it would be unsafe for Labour to ignore it completely. Of the first five active Labour people I met in Reading, four spontaneously voiced adverse criticisms of Mr. Bevin. One distrusted anything the Tories approved; two thought that Socialist countries should stand together; the fourth said that we depend too much on America. This anti-Americanism bodes ill for the Tories and the Churchill "line"; but it is a danger signal for Labour. Though all agreed that concern over foreign policy is limited to "the deep-thinking sort," these are the N.C.O.s of Labour's army, and can lose votes if they canvass with less than full conviction. A few may not canvass at all, perhaps not even vote.

The biggest local grievances are the continued delay in housing and the cost of living. A young mother complained of Mr. Bevan: "He just doesn't seem interested in us." But it is the local Tories who have got 18 months behind schedule since they won control of the Council in 1947, so blame is variously distributed between the parties. The Council raised the rents of new houses by six shillings a fortnight after the families moved in; but the Labour group made no effective protest. There is a strong feeling that the Government should have cut profit margins and prevented the price rises in household utensils, clothing, and tinned or "extra" foods. It is for this reason that the Conservatives concentrate, next to the youth, on the women. But neither the Reading housewife nor the most diehard Tory complains, as both did so loudly two years ago, about the size of rations. As to the principle of rationing, the sweets experiment has silenced all controversy.

Opinions vary widely about the women's vote; it is this vote, perhaps, which can be the most swayed during the campaign. Potent factors making for Labour's success are the Health Service, orange juice and cheap milk, and the principle of "fair shares for all." But there is much discontent and more perplexity over the price increases, and some fear of the effects of the October cuts and the reduction of subsidies, all of which may cause abstentions. The most solid grounds for Labour confidence are full employment and a general level of prosperity. My estimate is that the Government's popularity is rising—after a steady fall from 1946 until eight months ago. "Polling should have been on Boxing Day," said one Labour woman; Christmas 1949 was the best for ten years.

A word on the "marginal million," the white-collar workers who are reputed to be deserting the Labour standard. I found little trace of them in Reading. Tories spoke vaguely of a swing; I was reminded that teachers feel hard done by; a barber found people disillusioned by nationalisation; one Labour supporter thought that Mr. Bevan and Mr. Shinwell had alienated middle-class votes. Yet I could not, in a brief visit, find one person who had really changed his mind. All the "disillusioned" people turned out to have voted Tory in 1945. This was the strong impression of almost all the Labour officials and canvassers with whom I spoke.

If, indeed, the nation is going Reading's way, then Labour has three main opponents, and the Conservative Party is not among them. The first is complacency; the second, weather. The third is the chance—only to be averted by hard and convincing canvassing—of abstentions by Labour supporters who feel that the hopes of 1945 are withering and that Socialism lives in the back streets, but not in Whitehall.

MERVYN JONES

Greek Children

[The writer of this article was for two years political adviser to the head of Military Government in Berlin, and for six months Observer with the United Nations Commission in Greece.]

"We are mourning 28,000 little Lindberghs," declared the Queen of Greece, on the occasion of the Day of National Mourning observed on December 29th throughout Greece for the children allegedly abducted by the guerrillas. At the same time Dr. Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, was calling for prayers for these children in churches throughout Britain. Referring to this question in the House of Commons on November 16th last, Mr. Bevin commented: "I think it is one of the scandals of the ages."

If 28,000 children had been torn forcibly from protesting parents, it would indeed be a scandal; and this version of what occurred in Northern Greece in the spring of 1948 is now widely accepted in the Western World. The facts and official reports, however, suggest that these children were evacuated from Greece under very different circumstances.

At the time this "genocide" was being perpetrated I was serving as an Observer with the U.N. Commission (Unscob) in Greece, and personally conducted numerous investigations into this problem while in the Kastoria-Florina area, from which large numbers of children were removed. Economic conditions in Northern Greece early in 1948 were quite deplorable both in guerrilla and Government-controlled territory. Salt and other foodstuffs were in short supply, many villages had been many years without a teacher and were entirely deprived of medical attention. Large-scale military operations were pending, in which civilians were as likely to become casualties as the fighting guerrillas.

This background provides the basic and possibly the sole reason for the decision taken by Markos in February, 1948, to arrange a limited evacuation of children from guerrilla territory and the extensive surrounding no-man's-land to the security and relative prosperity of the People's Democracies to the north.

Interrogation of guerrilla deserters and prisoners in March, 1948, gave a clear idea of how the evacuation was organised. A political commissar would call a village meeting and explain the general plan and the reasons for it. He would stress the dangers to which the children would be exposed in the coming operations, and would point out that in the countries to the north the children would enjoy excellent food, would be educated by Greek teachers and, when the war was over, would return home.

Many parents invariably agreed on the spot to evacuate their children, others wanted time to think the matter over before reaching a decision. Some weeks later the evacuation party would assemble in the village square; and with tearful scenes of parting, as in the London evacuation of 1940, the party would set off on foot for a central assembly area, whence the journey would in due course be continued across the frontier. Each group of twenty-five children was in charge of a local girl or woman, who would accompany them.

The degree of compulsion applied to parents unwilling to part with their children varied from village to village, and according to the temperament of the local political commissar. In villages which supported the guerrillas, the parents would naturally enough be left to decide themselves whether or not to evacuate their children ; no risk would be taken of alienating existing sympathy and support for the guerrilla cause. In fact the father would invariably be fighting with a guerrilla unit, and the mother would gladly seize the chance of sending her child to safety. In hostile villages, whether in the heart of " liberated " territory or on the Government-controlled fringe, there is little doubt that the approach was different and a process of virtual conscription enforced.

On March 13th, 1948, I questioned a number of children in Kastoria, who had fled there to avoid being evacuated. A girl of 12 from the village of Makrohori, west of Kastoria, neatly summed up the situation when I asked her whether any children had left her village willingly. " Yes," she replied, " the children whose fathers are in the mountains wanted to go. My father is not a guerrilla, therefore I didn't want to go." On the same day our Observation Group was conducted by the Greek Army to Kato Lefki, a village 10 kms. west of Kastoria, where children had recently been " abducted." We selected at random five of the twenty-eight families involved, and in every case the father was fighting with the guerrillas and the mothers were obviously in agreement with the evacuation of their children. The discomfiture of our Greek Liaison Officer, as we noted this situation, was apparent.

Unscob drew up a special report on the removal of Greek children to Albania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, which was adopted on May 21st, 1948. This report states : " Observation groups found some evidence that children were taken from some villages without the consent of their parents." It adds : " But the Observation Groups also found considerable evidence that many of the children, particularly in the Slav-speaking area of Western Macedonia, were taken with the consent of their parents."

I will quote some examples cited by the report. " A witness from the Slav-speaking village of Vronderon (Lake Prespa region) said many parents were happy to see their children go " ; " Two children of Kranohori (Kastoria region) stated that some fifty children whose fathers were guerrillas had left, but that the children whose fathers were not guerrillas did not go " ; " A witness from Andartikon (Lake Prespa region) said that parents were in principle free to refuse to send their children, and that, even after the guerrillas had insisted, 40 out of 240 families refused to send their children." These examples all apply to Western Macedonia, but the situation was no different in Thrace, from which the children were evacuated to Bulgaria. The report continues : " Observation Group Six (Thrace) reported that up to March 31st the children sent to the countries north of Greece were the children of guerrillas or guerrilla sympathisers. Mass abduction of Greek children cannot be confirmed by this group."

On November 27th, 1948, the General Assembly of the United Nations adopted a resolution recommending " the return to Greece of Greek children at present away from their homes when the children, their father or mother or, in his or her absence, their closest relative, expresses a wish to that effect." The International Red Cross was requested to arrange the repatriation of the children involved.

The International Committee of the Red Cross and the League of Red Cross Societies sent a report to the Secretary-General of the United Nations, dated October 5th, 1949, outlining the progress made in implementing the General Assembly resolution of November, 1948. Requests had been received for the return of 6,239 children (the number is now 8,000) and every effort was being made to locate these children. Visits were made to camps of Greek children in Bulgaria and in Yugoslavia. Referring to the children at Botengrad (Bulgaria) the report states : " Most of the children at the centre came from the zone occupied by the ' democratic armies ' and their relatives who are still there—and for the most part are themselves combatants—do not wish their children to be sent back yet."

Commenting on the care of the children in Yugoslavia the report continues : " Large alterations (to the buildings) were carried out in order to ensure perfect sanitation and the most scrupulous cleanliness. Plentiful food prepared in the well-installed kitchens is served in spacious dining-halls. . . . The children's state of health is excellent." The report notes that both Czecho-Slovakia and Yugoslavia have agreed in principle to repatriate children authentically claimed by parents or next-of-kin, and Czecho-Slovakia has, in fact, identified 138 children whose return has been requested. The present distribution of Greek children in Eastern Europe is quoted as : Bulgaria, 2,000 ; Czecho-Slovakia, 3,500 ; Hungary, 3,000 ; Poland, 500 ; Roumania, 6,500 ; Yugoslavia, 11,000—a total of 26,500. The discrepancy with the Greek figure of 28,000 is not considerable in view of the difficulties of obtaining precise information both from Greece and the People's Democracies.

The repatriation of Greek children claimed by their parents has now become as much a human as a political problem. Large-scale fighting in Greece has come to an end, and simultaneously the primary reason for the evacuation of the children has disappeared. The camps prepared in the Aegean Islands for 12,000 repatriates show, however, that it is not the intention of the Greek Government to allow the children immediately to rejoin their families. A period of " re-education " on Greek Monarchist lines will first be necessary, with the ultimate sanction of transfer to Makronessos for any recalcitrants. However, if the parents in Greece genuinely desire the return of their children, they clearly should be repatriated, and it is satisfactory to note that Yugoslavia and Czecho-Slovakia have also accepted this point of view.

The most significant and most conclusive confirmation that what occurred in Northern Greece in the spring of 1948 was a voluntary evacuation, and not a forced abduction, is provided by the Greek Government itself. After a year, with every form of persuasion and pressure at its disposal, it has only succeeded in producing requests for the return of 8,000 children out of the 28,000 it admits to be outside Greece.

KENNETH SPENCER

So They Say . . .

THE *Daily Worker* called it " the Battle of the Books," and, being on the sidelines, reported it fully and with gusto. Other papers, however, were more reticent in reporting the exchanges last week between the various parties over their campaign handbooks. It began with the demand by a cement company for a correction and apology for a statement in the Labour Party's *Speaker's Handbook*, and a withdrawal of existing copies. This was naturally reported in the Conservative and Liberal press on January 3, together with a Labour Party statement that it was " considering " the matter. The *Daily Herald*, however, was so intoxicated with the news of Low's impending arrival (and comments such as that of Mr. Bullock, president of the T.U.C., that he hoped Low wouldn't lose the T.U.C. horse because " it represents all the toughness, tenacity, and solidarity in the British character "), that it couldn't find room for this item.

The next day brought an apology from the Labour Party (discreetly printed on page 5 by the *Daily Herald*, but omitted by the *Daily Express*, *Daily Mail*, and *Daily Graphic*) and a demand by the Liberal Party for an apology from the Conservatives for making six errors about Liberals on one page of the Conservative *Campaign Guide*. This was printed by all the Conservative papers except the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Graphic* (which that day ran a 60th birthday editorial promising its readers " accurate news and responsible comment "). The *Daily Herald*, possibly in sympathy, also left it out.

The third and final day (January 6) produced a Conservative apology for misrepresenting the Liberals, and a further complaint from the cement firm that the Labour Party apology was inadequate, and that action would be taken without further notice unless the offending books were withdrawn. Both these stories were omitted by the *Herald*, the *Express*, and the *Graphic*.

That " Morning-After " Feeling

Two usually responsible newspapers last week paid the penalty for being too eager. The *Daily Telegraph* City Editor, commenting on the bald news of the breakdown in the loan negotiations between the Colonial Development Corporation and the World Bank, stated unequivocally that the " chief stumbling block has been the conception of the schemes themselves," rather than the Bank's terms. The following day the *Telegraph* was obliged to print Lord Trefgarne's terse comment : " There has been many a guess made in journalism, and I have made many myself, but there has never been a guess more wide of the mark than that." At the end of the week the *News Chronicle* headlined its main front-page story : WHITEHALL PAY REVOLT GROWS. As it was the only paper to use the term " revolt," the *Chronicle* must have felt rather self-conscious

about printing Sir Stafford Cripp's criticism of "articles in the Press suggesting that senior civil servants are 'in a state of revolt.'"

The Lost Year

As its contribution to the mid-century junketings, the *Daily Herald* has been running a daily cartoon strip, called "Headline History, 1901-1950," with one illustration to each year. The series which ends this week, is by "Complete Features, Ltd."—but it jumps from 1925 to 1927. "Was there nothing to distinguish 1926," asks the *Daily Worker* sardonically. There are no prizes for the correct answer.

AUTOLYCUS

The Shunter

I MET him in the goods yard. He was a man of about forty, good looking, and he was going through all the usual business of shunting a mixed bag of trucks and vans, some full, some empty, assisted by a very old engine, on which he occasionally had short rides, in the intervals of coupling and uncoupling hooks with a long pole and banging over levers to move the switches. It was a hot day, I was on holiday and had plenty of cigarettes, so I watched. Anyway, I've always enjoyed shunting. He finished and came towards me.

"Now if I'd been working to rule," he said, "I wouldn't have done a quarter of that by now. I'd have been walking alongside every truck, waiting till it stopped, before starting the next one, instead of having two or three on the go at once like I've been doing. Oh no, they're not Union rules. Company's rules, all of them. Grown up over a hundred years. If we followed them the railways would have to double their staff." I asked him how he kept his hands and shoulder out of the way when he coupled up a moving truck to a stationary one just before they crashed together. "Easy enough. It's a question of swing, like golf. Like to try?"

I tried. I'm not far off six foot and weigh thirteen stone. The trick of lifting three iron links on the end of a broomstick eluded me. He was a bit smaller than I, so he did it again.

"Just a knack. Hold hard with your left hand and push down with the right. Of course, conditions are ideal like this. Try it when you're wearing oilskins on a rainy night and carrying a lamp in one hand as well. Or when it's foggy, and you can't see them coming. Mind you, you've got to watch out your pole doesn't break. I had the rivets holding the hook come off the other day. My right hand went between the buffers just before they met. Just cut my wrist."

I asked him about signalling and he went into a long explanation of ground-frames, tablets and sections. That led us into talking about the track itself.

"Look at this rail. Thin as paper. I reckon that was here before I was born. Only a question of time before it snaps on this curve. Do you see that mark on the platform up there? The engine hit that last week, going hard round the bend to get up the grade to the other line. Whole track shifted."

I began to air my small stock of knowledge about "bull-head" and other rails. I was surprised to find that he regarded the Continental type of flat-bottomed rail, pinned direct to the sleeper, a vast improvement on the English chaired rail, and even more surprised when he launched into a well-informed comparison of English, Russian and Italian railway practice. He grinned: "I've seen railways all over the world. Did six years on Army railways in the War." He vanished into a room on the platform and came out with a handful of papers. And out, too, came his story. Six years of railway work in strange places—Italy, Palestine, Persia, electric and steam, mountain railways and train-ferries. And the papers, grimy and torn were his treasures. There were surveys of vast yards, some dockyards as well as railway yards that he had helped to rebuild, in one case to build for the first time, as War demanded. "I was station master at Lydda. Had 600 men under me. Took the first train into Russia. They put me in prison."

He told tales of monster loads brought from America, trans-shipped on to trains in Persia with immense ingenuity and then handed over to Russians who lost them through failing to take simple precautions. "We told them they hadn't enough braking power, but they wouldn't listen. Got out of control and turned over. Pity, when that stuff had come all the way from America and we'd taken so much trouble. Lost two of our engines as well."

There were even press cuttings and one interview with a reporter in which his name appeared. "And now I'm back here, porter and shunter, ninety nine shillings a week all told. Promotion? There's plenty of that, but never any here. It means Grantham or King's Cross and you can't get a house, not even lodgings. I could have got a guard's job at Grantham last month, but there wasn't a house. I can't run two homes. I could have had a permanent commission in the Army, but I hadn't got the right examinations. I'm happy enough all the same. No railwayman wants to go slow, no railwayman wants to strike, if only they'd show more consideration for us. It's not the money, it's the conditions. Look here, come and see our room."

I went into a space nine by eight, gloomy, filthy, dismal. Gas lit, with two short wooden benches, a hopelessly spotted mirror, two greasy cupboards, an ancient gas ring. "This is all there is for nine of us. Look at these lamps." He showed me two standard shunter's signalling lamps, plainly designed about 1850, and extremely heavy.

"You have to carry these when you're shunting at night. In Italy they have electric lamps pinned to their coats. Look at these oilskins." I looked. No tramp would have bothered to pick them out of a hedge.

Then I saw something I shall never forget. In this dog-kennel, the only shelter of men employed by a concern too big to mind, there were pasted up pictures of express engines and crack trains—"the pride of the line." He saw me looking. "Yes, I put them there. I love railways."

E. A. WILLIAMS

Plain Speech

IT was at a suburban cinema; amid the encircling gloom I could see several kindly lights that would have led me to an "Exit," but nothing to indicate the kind of aperture I was really after. So, not without a little embarrassment, I consulted the young woman with a flash-lamp at the rear of the stalls and asked for the gentlemen's cloak-room. Alas! It was the wrong subterfuge; she informed me that there was one upstairs but it wasn't open in the afternoon because it belonged to the dance-hall, not the cinema.

I was in search of what I think is now known in some parts of U.S.A. as a "comfort station," and I could not see why gentlemen who went dancing of an evening should be entitled to a refuge denied to gentlemen who went film-watching of an afternoon. So I had to make my true intent a little clearer, even though it involved the use of that now suspect word "lavatory" which has long been lowered from its formerly priestlike task of pure ablution. A light broke in upon the lady with the lamp. "Oh," said she, more in contempt than pity for one so dumb (as she would no doubt call it) to the revised manners and tones of polite society, "You mean the Gents' Toilet." And so, God help me, and according to her code, I did. But I was by no means obliged for her note of implied rebuke.

In retrospect, I could have wished that I had gone up to her boldly in the first place and confronted her with the idiom of her own exasperating sex: "Madam, I desire to spend a penny."

That has at least the merit of being, in its own way, explicit, though fortunately the actual expenditure is not always obligatory on representatives of the once dominant male. But how absurd and embarrassing all these subterfuges and gentilities become, and how swiftly the delicacy of one generation declines into the crudity of the next! How long will it be before the distorted "toilet" follows the misapplied "lavatory" into the limbo of ill-fame where words must be whispered rather than openly announced? Will no one call halt to this impossible sequence of absurd euphemisms?

Speaking personally, I have fought—not until now, in print but conversationally and in the family circle—for W.C. as our one and most recent contribution to a universal language. It used to be known all over Europe and I defy anybody to pretend that in its proper place it was ever mistaken for the postal districts of London that come under the heading of West Central, any more than E.C. (its also explicit forerunner in the sanitary sense) was ever misread for Fleet Street and its purlieus.

Why seek to deceive ourselves? The inscription is by no means out of date, it is not a hieroglyph needing a Rosetta Stone for its re-interpretation, and not even the pertest "usherette" at a modern super-cinema would be really baffled by it.

I have heard it claimed that the Minoans were the first to devise what modern house-agents sometimes describe as indoor sanitation; below

the apartments set aside for that purpose they directed, I have been told, a stream of running water. But to that often ribald Elizabethan adventurer, Sir John Harington, is ascribed with more certainty the invention of the first water-closet in the modern sense, to be flushed from a tank and valve as occasion required; and his queenly god-mother, Gloriana herself, is said to have installed a working example of his invention in Richmond Palace. But when he had blazed (or flushed) the trail, Harington's invention was allowed to lapse until a much later race of master plumbers revived and perfected the device.

The general argument, however, is clear; there were no truly effective water-closets until we, the ingenious English, thought of them. We created the thing, we supplied the discreet and widely recognised abbreviation for it—and then we allowed ourselves to be inveigled into all sorts of foolish and fancy names in order to escape the supposed ignominy of the exact label for this notable advance in hygiene. This may be gentee:l; but what a lamentable example of craven fears of being great! Even Roget, that great hunter, could find no room for our poor, unpolished term in my old edition of his famous *Thesaurus;* his treasury can include an uncouth and out-moded term like "jakes," but all the way from "water-colour" to "waterproof" you will find no reference to the harmless, necessary convenience, the W.C.

There are, of course, quite a number of old, ancestral terms that were in use before the reign of running water in these apartments of seclusion, and some of them I would rather revive than assist at the continued perversion of words like lavatory and toilet. I came across what was to me a new one the other day while reading a little treatise on Norman domestic architecture in this country. "Rere-dorter" was the word, and the context left its significance fairly clear. Nevertheless, I tracked it down in the monumental *O.E.D.* which labelled it as "(rare)" and defined it as "a privy situated at the back of the dormitory in a convent or monastery." There was also a reference from the year 1500 to a "rere-dortour, otherwyse callyd the house of esemente." From 1500 the mind leaps forward to the American "comfort station" but on the whole I consider "house of esemente" the more dignified version.

Yet why, when all is said, should these archaisms be imposed on embarrassed males who wish to make sure of their line of retreat in suburban or other cinemas? It struck me afterwards that perhaps the formula of the class-room, supplemented by the raised arm which has since become associated with the Fascist salute, might provide a pointer: a simple child, which lightly draws its breath, what should it know of such appalling euphemisms as "Gents' Toilet"? Nothing at all (I should hope), and I decided that I should have followed its innocent example. I ought to have gone up to that minx of a young woman with the lamp and demanded boldly: "Madam, is there anywhere I can go if I wish to leave the room?" My request could hardly have been misunderstood and surely honour, even in the cinema sense, would have been satisfied.

GORDON PHILLIPS

The Arts and Entertainment

THE DOMESTIC INTERIOR

A RECENT book by Mr. Ernest Reynolds has set me reflecting about drama in the last fifty years. It is called *Modern English Drama* (*Harrap*, 10s. 6d.), and it is a very full record of nearly all theatrical activity from 1900 to the present day. It is more useful as a reference book than anything else, for by trying to include everything it loses emphasis and shape in its outline. One of the main difficulties in making these kinds of survey is the difficulty of classification. The Past falls so much more neatly into categories than the present. It can't, for one thing, rise up and tell us that it didn't seem at all like that at the time (for example, the well-fed Forsytian after-dinner theatre-goers of the 1900's probably had no idea that they were living on the top of a dramatic peak); and then, besides, Time has weeded out the beds and only the more important specimens have to be dealt with. So we can classify and type the seventeenth century, grouping it all neatly under the prevailing mode of Poetic Tragedy: and we can clear up the eighteenth no less tidily under the general heading Comedy. But we cannot get at a sufficient distance from our present and recent past to be able to docket it at all satisfactorily. Plainly the dominating figure in England would be Mr. Bernard Shaw. And how on earth are we to pigeon-hole *him*? Under C for Comedy, or under I for the Drama of Ideas, with a cross-reference to Irish, or (for which a good case could be made out) under N for Naturalism?

Mr. Reynolds tries out a new systematisation by dividing the drama of the period into five categories, Literary Drama, Spectacular Drama, the Drama of Ideas, the Drama of Character and Narrative Drama. These divisions strike me as highly artificial; and they produce some strange couplings: the workable and the unworkable lying side by side in the Literary bed, comedy lumped in with Character, and historical plays with crime in the Narrative fourposter. But they also give, it seems to me, a quite false impression, both of a greater variety and of a greater profusion than in fact exists. For instance, if we take one play at random from each of his categories—*Riders to the Sea, Cavalcade, Arms and the Man, The Admirable Crichton, Richard of Bordeaux*—the difference between them in kind (I do not speak of quality) is infinitely small compared with the difference between any one of them and any play written before, say, 1850. In other words, in the perspective of time the last seventy years will be seen to have produced a dramatic period as homogeneous as the Jacobean or the Eighteenth Century may now seem to us.

Clearly the years between 1870 and 1914 constituted one of those creative bursts in the drama which seem to recur whenever the theatre is able to gather up the whole vivid whirl of the life of its time and body it out for us in dramatic form. With Ibsen, Strindberg, Chehov, Bernard Shaw, the theatre wrenched itself out of the frozen conventional puppeteering attitude it had got stuck into, and set off on a bold new run. And the movement was general; not only writers, but producers and actors, too, side by side and simultaneously, felt the wind of this new freedom and swept out to sea on the force of it. We might well symbolise the whole of this new movement by a gesture which established a completely fresh stage convention. At some moment, during the seventies or eighties, some actor *for the first time spoke his lines with his back to the audience.* Whether or not this first happened at the little improvised hall in a back street in Paris where Antoine founded his Théâtre Libre in 1887, it is certainly true that a proportion of the audience which came regularly to that theatre came expressly to see and to laugh at this preposterous proceeding which happened night by night. But this new stage convention under the alternating titles of "realism" or "naturalism," being the appropriate one for its time, temporarily swept all others off the boards.

What it seems to be so difficult for us to realise—us who live in the tail end of this period—is that "realism" is only another convention, an approach no less artificial and no more "real" than those which have preceded it, and those which will surely, sooner or later, take its place. It is the word "real" that seems to be so confusing, more so than ever now since it carries so many moralistic, almost self-righteous, overtones. But, of course, one moment's reflection convinces us that there is nothing intrinsically more real about casually arranged characters enclosed between three sheets of painted canvas speaking carefully dovetailed slang, than there is about formally arranged groups, posed under the open sky, speaking carefully dovetailed verse. Otherwise we should be faced with the absurdity of admitting that Hamlet and his predicament were somehow less real than, say, Professor Linden. Realism is simply one among several conventional means for producing illusion. In the first flush of their enthusiasm, the naturalists did talk sometimes as if realism meant "more lifelike," and that landed them into the ridiculous. Strindberg, for instance, in his preface to *Miss Julia*, looked forward to a time when the audience would see, ranged above the footlights, the backs of the furniture which would have been placed against the missing fourth wall. This might certainly be more realistic than the open space that the present convention leaves us. But to fill in the space with the wall itself would be more realistic still.

Had the realists seriously argued, then, that their naturalistic theatre was more lifelike than any before, they would have been absurd. But in arguing that naturalistic theatre was more appropriate to the life of their time, they were quite right. For the background of their time was the smash-up of middle-class morality; and this smash-up, whether treated tragically, comically, pathetically, historically, is the prevailing idea which the theatre at this period displayed. Property relations and sexual relations were the stuff of the struggle. And just as the type setting for the Greek hero was the outside of a temple, and the type setting for the Elizabethan prince was a Court, so the type setting for the naturalistic characters was—the domestic interior. And since they acted and were acted upon, neither as heroes nor as princes, but as private people in private relation with one another, their appropriate language was neither hieratic nor formal, but the workaday language of husband and wife, of householders and shareholders, of neighbours and relatives. Workaday language; but not necessarily real-life language. The masters of the period distilled from everyday speech a language made to last. Ibsen distilled one fit to carry the explosive passion that shattered his parlours. Shaw distilled another to carry the irony and the inversions that were to turn drawing-room life upside down. Chehov, Synge and O'Casey, distilled yet others for their versions of the convention. The plays of this great period may not all have taken place between three walls, but they were all scaled to the size of the upper middle-class home. Their subjects

may have been Caesar or Cleopatra, Henry VIII or Mary Queen of Scots, St. Joan or Abraham Lincoln. But the treatment was never heroic; it kept closely in touch with the sofa and the Sunday joint.

The Drama of the Domestic Interior—some such title as that the future chronicler may well give to this particular dramatic peak. With any luck, we of the last twenty years will come into his history as the faint first beginnings of the reaction against it. (Probably by virtue of having among us Pirandello, and it may not be noticed with what provincial neglect we have treated him.) Otherwise we shall only find ourselves mentioned in the tail-away. Mere has-beens, staring dully at three canvas walls, drained now of all passion and most wit, enclosing a set of actors all with their backs to us inaudibly muttering their flaccid, gutted lines.

T. C. WORSLEY

TELEVISION NOTES

ONE familiar reason why most well-known comics fall flat on the air is that they rely upon the visual technique of the music-hall. They are even encouraged in this misdemeanour by an indulgent B.B.C. which gives them a studio audience to play with: hence those barren sessions of broadcast entertainment in which we at our end overhear the incontinent mirth induced at the other by a comedian making funny faces at the sycophantic claque. This nuisance of sound-broadcasting does not afflict television, for there the clown is visible again and can exploit all his visual resources. Norman Evans has never amused me with his broadcast version of *Over the Garden Wall*, but in television his antics bring the bear-garden slap into the parlour. Vic Oliver is another whose personality, diminished to a wraith in sound, recovers its vigour in vision. More impressive still in this latest medium of entertainment is Jack Hulbert, lately on view in *Dick Whittington*. He is intelligently aware of the difference in dimension between an auditorium and a drawing-room, and he scales down the breadth of his humours so that they fit into a frame of 8 by 6. But the most acceptable example recently of that intimate comedy which goes better than any other in television was Eric Barker in a nonsensical discourse addressed directly to the little groups sitting by their sets in a thousand homes. It had that confidential, intimate contact which is the main clue to television success.

It is the clue, again, to the effectiveness, in another field of television, of Richard Dimbleby, the Admirable Crichton of the B.B.C. One of his merits is that he has absolute command of his features and never indulges in those synthetic smiles and coquettish inclinations of the head which so often cloud our screens with their bogus bonhomie. He is astonishingly adroit, moreover, in the manipulation of his notes. In that excellent magazine-programme called *London Town* he evidently has a script concealed somewhere about his person, but I have never caught him taking a deliberate peek at it—nor ever heard him at a loss for words. He has vivacity, dignity and, above all, the confidential touch.

Shakespeare can deploy a spacious action within a "Wooden O"—but not inside a keyhole. Thus it proved again in the *Twelfth Night* production. Everyone concerned worked hard to cope with the handicaps of the miniature medium, and their endeavours yielded moments of much satisfaction. But the unity of the scenes never had a chance to develop, even when the actors huddled themselves into uncomfortable proximity to each other, as in the Drinking Bout at midnight. The wretched producer of televised Shakespeare is on the horns of a dilemma: if he indulges in distance-shots he blurs the faces and identities of the characters. And if, choosing by far the lesser evil, he banks on close-ups, he misses those perspectives which are the basis of Shakespeare's dramatic manœuvres. I think Scenes from Shakespeare is all that television can effectively perform—and there are plenty of them—soliloquies, quarrels, journey's ends, and lovers' meetings—to make a vivid anthology.

Similar considerations affect televised films: the perspectives vanish in reduction, and only the close-ups survive. *Les Enfants du Paradis* will not go on a postage-stamp, and one's only solace is to gaze into the eyes of Arletty—which, indeed, is a consolation I thankfully embrace.

Only a sentence remains to return thanks for three exceptional rewards in the last month—the Christmas performance of the Coventry Nativity Play; the pictorial *Retrospect of* 1940, a fascinating panorama of a hectic decade; and the memorable appearance of *Les Ballets Nègres*, despite the infiltration of missionary ideology into some of their tribal rhapsodies.

W. E. WILLIAMS

THE MOVIES

"Task Force," at Warner's
"Gigi," at the Cameo-Polytechnic

Two extremes of the film possibility present themselves: one a Hollywood re-creation of air-and-sea battles, using some of the most splendid documentary material scooped in the war; the other an altogether charming sex-pastoral of Paris in the 1900's, with a Colette novel and a tradition of the arts in the background. The second is the better film of the two, if only because one can't devise improvements on it; whereas *Task Force* is a faulty and overlong fiction that might perhaps with advantage have kept more tersely to its pattern of fact. However, it does at last get there, tremendously, to fill the screen with action such as only the atom bomb could outdo in grandeur and terror.

Task Force tells a story of America's aircraft-carriers during twenty-odd years. The first of these, the "Langley," operates with a dozen biplanes trying to find a 65ft. deck; and in the end, at Midway and off Okinawa, the "floating islands" come into their own, as vulnerable and as indispensable as the wheeled towers with which invaders used to assail fortress cities. The last half-hour of *Task Force* lets loose its astounding spectacle: in ink-dark seas the fleet slowly comes on, fountains spring up, the sky sprouts its shell-bursts, everywhere planes attack and counter-attack, wearing smoke-puffs, festooned with tracer, unfurling at last a rag of flame, as they aim themselves at wide-open decks or hiss into churning ocean. To say that this vision—the B.O.P. cover dream, and the pacifists nightmare—can't be forgotten, is to put it mildly; it hasn't been forgotten by any film-goer who encountered it in fragments during the war, when lives were wasting and the issue was still in doubt. On Monday mornings, in those days, the Ministry of Information used to release its latest war films to a hushed private audience; as war became worse, the films grew bolder; American documentaries that had surpassed our own in drive and realism now entered the Pacific with raw Technicolor; and the most grim excitement and the tuppence-coloured gusto have been inseparable from war in the Pacific ever since. Some of these luridly tragic glimpses we shall probably even recognise: a particular spinning plane, a crash on a carrier deck in which the plane breaks in two, but the pilot has time to clamber out. So far as the cinema can catch history, here is one of its highlights, and the documentary riches in *Task Force* have been beautifully assembled and skillfully dovetailed with the fiction that has led up to them. That fiction, though probably it contains some modicum of truth, is not enthralling. Mr Gary Cooper as the pilot-preacher of the carrier's virtues lends it a restrained, nautical charm; if his life history comes to us rather flaggingly, that is the fault of the director, Delmer Daves, who at the same time must be congratulated on his handling of the climax.

Gigi is all Paris in the summer, and the days of fashionable sail and toppers and the early motor, and lunches in the Eiffel Tower, and bathers going down to the sea in horse boxes and cabs, and caramels, and killing moustaches, and old girls plotting the right ruin for young ones, and sexual innocence triumphing over experience and everything as idyllic as the doings in Arden. The director, Jacqueline Audry, has drawn in a characteristically French way on all arts to win and amuse the eye, and the result is triflingly delicious. Mlle Danielle Delorme, looking and artfully being backward sixteen, gives a dream of a performance, and so do the two old sinners, Mesdames Morlay and Bray. In this kind of artifice, the informing taste and the instinctive touch are everything.

John Minton, at Lefevre

A small collection of large oil paintings and a larger one of watercolours and pen drawings are John Minton's harvest from a summer trip to the Mediterranean coast of Spain. The immediate impression is one of greatly increased strength. Since his last one-man show, but before he went to Spain, Minton indulged in a considerable number of prefabricated quays, with fishermen, baskets and fish to match. His new paintings are an advance in every way on these pebble-dash harbour canvases, as well as on the smoother pictures of the last show. The more even and intense light of Mediterranean Spain has induced a clarity of tone and a precision of form and structure which are new to Minton. Gone at last are those amorphous areas of purely decorative detail, inherited from Palmer by way of Sutherland. Every division of the picture surface in a large and complicated picture like number 6, *Two Bullfighters*, has a plastic and a structural connotation, rather than a decorative one. The faces and figures of his matadors are constructed, it is true to a formula (Picasso and Ingres are both discernible). But it is a good formula: and, even more important, it is executed with verve and great painterly skill. The texture, both in quality and in variety is altogether richer and more purposeful than hitherto: the jacket in number 4, *Matador*, looks at first glance careless, summary, a slap-dash affair; actually it is something of a special achievement, for the quickly manipulated thick paint evokes the rich embroidered material with extreme economy and ease. Particularly satisfying is *The Road to Valencia*, 1, in which the utmost severity and bareness of the yellow landscape contrasts with a beautifully organised complex of forms inside the dark tunnel of the cart. The watercolour drawings, done from the subject, invariably compress a mass of observation into a good design.

The London Group, at the New Burlington

Artistically the Royal Academy is as dead as the dodo, however lively may be the trade conducted there each summer. Now, for a catholic display of what is best in British art—side by side with what is only "better"—we have long since had to turn to the annual exhibitions, in the first place, of the New English Art Club and more recently of the London Group. The latter society is, of course, too wide in its membership and too tolerant in its selection of exhibits to be exclusively *avant garde*: in fact *avant garde* artists, if present in full strength, would be lost among ten times their number of less experimental painters. Indeed, the present exhibition, though livelier, perhaps, than its immediate predecessors, is decidedly "safe" in its general complexion. The presence of two of Robert Adams's abstract sculptures; of a new abstract painting by Pasmore; of a Matthew Smith portrait; of a good abstract work by William Gear (misspelt "Geon" in a terribly inaccurate catalogue), all this little affects the climate of too bright still lifes. A huge *Landscape* by Duncan Grant poses tricky problems for a critic: clearly most professional in many important respects in which many exhibitors are *not*, Mr. Grant is nevertheless misfiring terribly somehow. Kenneth Martin in the Euston tradition was happier than in his Pasmore-abstract *Hampstead*, which is extremely flimsy—this is a case where not to follow one's leader would be wisest. Of the new names: Norman Towne for his *Landscape, Richmond*, 127; H. Inlander for *The Fishes*, 124; and Will C. Evans for his jewel-bright *Flowers*, 166, should be remembered.

Correspondence

THE VARGA THEORY

SIR,—When I read Professor Varga's recantation of the "errors" he committed in his book in 1946, I was struck by a rather different aspect of the matter from that which evoked the comments of your contributor Julius Gould.

It may be broadly true, as Mr. Gould says, that "no new facts had emerged" between the appearance of the book and the recantation to justify Varga's *volte-face*. Moreover the recantation is couched in crude and over-simplified terms and is packed with stereotyped Communist jargon of a kind which most of us find impossible to swallow. But when all this has been said, is it not uncomfortably true that Western Socialists themselves are beginning to doubt some at least of the optimistic propositions which Varga formerly supported but now rejects?

He stated, for instance, as late as 1947 that in the West "the role of the State will in future remain more significant than before the war" and that the proletariat in its struggle for a share in State administration would have a "heightened specific gravity." Varga says he wrote this in the belief that Communists in European governments would be able to extend their influence, whereas they have now everywhere been squeezed out.

If it were only the Communists that have been squeezed out, Western Socialists would need to shed no tears, but in many countries the squeeze has extended to the working-class parties generally. In France, Italy, Belgium and Western Germany the wholly bourgeois parties have been steadily regaining their grip upon the State machine.

State activity in these countries, in the shape of nationalisation and Government controls has not, of course, reverted to the low pre-war level. It probably never will. That is, however, but small comfort to Socialists, few of whom feel, for instance, that the nationalisation in 1945 of additional industries in France will prove to have been of decisive importance as a step to Socialism once the bourgeoisie are again in full control.

This argument has its application to Britain. Varga now says he was wrong in writing that "bourgeois nationalisation" (i.e., nationalisation in a country where the bourgeoisie still hold the keys of State power) "means progress towards a new type of democracy." In support of his change of view Varga uses some extravagant phrases to prove that "the former owners, the great monopolists" remain on top. There is, however, a sting in two things that he says. The first is that the compensated owners now have their "profits" guaranteed by the taxpayer, and the second is that the owners of industries not nationalised will find ways and means of obtaining favourable conditions for their undertakings for which the nationalised industries will foot the bill. The first point is factually true and is already a source of irritation among workers in State industries. The second is not, I think, an accomplished fact, but is by no means a fanciful speculation. Already, for instance, the pressure by many private industries to shift their difficulties on to the national transport system is heavy and continuous. If the political power were to drift back, as it has in Europe, into bourgeois hands, Varga's prediction might well be fulfilled.

The truth is surely that even if "no new facts have emerged" in the West, the climate has perceptibly changed. The Leftward swing of 1945 has been succeeded by a reaction whose success has been in large measure proportionate to the strength of Communist parties in the different countries. Here, where Communism has not achieved significance, a democratic Socialist working class still wields political power, and still enjoys the "heightened specific gravity" of which Varga wrote. It is, however, high time for British Socialists, faced with a critical election, to remind themselves that, unless they use their parliamentary majority to effect a permanent transfer of economic power in the country, then an electoral defeat can quickly deprive the working class of much of the advantage which they seemed to have won.

The argument that specifically Socialist measures are irrelevant to Britain's struggle for survival has been so constantly repeated that some Socialists now appear to accept it. There are, they say, so many new techniques of control, that it has become almost unimportant to ask, "Who owns the capital?" While this may have some validity so long as a Labour and Socialist government is in power, the argument would lose all its charm on the day when a Tory returned to Downing Street. One may hope that this possibility can safely be ignored in 1950, but we have the examples of New Zealand and Australia to warn us that even ten years or more of Labour in office does not necessarily prevent a come-back by the entrenched bourgeoisie if the sources of their economic power are left intact.

"The question of State power," says the penitent Professor Varga, "is a question of the relationship of the class forces, to be settled only in class struggle." We need not agree with Varga's conception of State power as being essentially a question of control of armed forces and police. That is an over-simplification typical of orthodox Soviet Communism. We shall, however, ignore at our peril the economic and political experiences of so many countries, shared as yet only partially by Britain, which should lead Western democrats to face squarely the element of realism which is concealed in Varga's over-abject recantation.

P. S.

MAKRONESSOS

SIR,—Mr. Basil Davidson's opinions on Makronessos are only what one would be led to expect, given his previous attitude to the Greek problem.

Mr. Davidson belongs to that school of thought which would deny to a democracy the right to take measures to defend itself, even in the moments of direst peril and emergency.

But what is important is not Mr. Basil Davidson's opinions, but the fact that he should have been able to go to Greece and visit Makronessos.

Mr. Davidson (and here I speak officially) was given a visa for Greece on the recommendation of a Populist ex-Minister, a representative of that "Reaction" which he so much dislikes, with the full knowledge that anything he wrote would be highly critical of the Greek Government.

That in itself is enough to show that the regime in Greece is not so illiberal as Mr. Davidson would have his readers believe. Fortunately, he is not the only Englishman who has visited Makronessos.

Greek Government, Department of Information, 34 Hyde Park Square, London, W.2.
A. A. PALLIS, *Director*.

SIR,—Mr. Davidson has performed a service with his account of his visit to Makronessos. It is natural, however, since he was a visitor to the island that he could not discover exactly in what the "re-indoctrination" consists. Only the detainees can disclose this! And I believe a letter of December 19, 1949, which I received from a friend in Athens throws light on the methods used.

The writer of it says that her cousin was transferred from Makronessos to a prison in Athens. She visited him to get news of her two brothers—detained on Makronessos—since she had received no letters from them for several months. She learned that one brother has a broken leg as a result of being beaten up—a re-indoctrination effort—and the other has continual hæmorrhages.

The horror of Makronessos can be gauged from my friend's final appeal to me to consider stopping my efforts for a reprieve for my husband since reprieved men are also sent to that island. "It is therefore better—she ends—for them to remain with the death sentence hanging over their heads than be reprieved and sent to Makronessos where they will certainly be driven insane."

260 Middleton Road, Carshalton, Surrey.
BETTY AMBATIELOS

[Mr. Davidson writes: "It is obvious that on an officially conducted tour of Makronessos, one would see no such evidence. But this letter offers an opportunity to confirm that ugly stories are told in Athens of the beating and systematic brutality to which, it is said, many of the political prisoners are frequently subjected. The weekly paper of the Greek Socialist Party (E.L.D.) published four articles by Tsirimokos, the General Secretary of the Party, in October and November, asserting—with a great deal of evidence—that such brutalities were common on Makronessos, and reporting that a number of political prisoners had been driven insane by skilfully contrived torture. I also heard this last story from other Greek sources which could not be suspected even of being Socialist, let alone Communist. Since returning from Greece I have also received evidence that some of the more important political prisoners, such as General Sarafis, are now being 'worn down' by such contrivances as being forced to carry large stones up and down this hilly island. My only reason for not mentioning such reports in my article was that they could not, for obvious reasons, be checked; and I wished to focus attention on what I think is the worst point in this infamous situation—the regularised coercion of the Liberal and Left-wing sentiment which Makronessos represents. It is worth note that Tsirimokos was called before the military authorities after publishing his articles, and charged with being 'in intelligence with an enemy power'—that is the Soviet Union—simply because Vyshinsky had quoted from the articles before the General Assembly. This means that Tsirimokos can be tried for his life at any time the Government chooses."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

E.R.P. AND THE U.S.S.R.

SIR,—I agree with nearly all of Critic's comments on the U.S.S.R. and the Marshall Plan. I have often made the point that it was a serious failure of Soviet foreign policy not to stick it out in Paris with a positive alternative policy to that of the Anglo-American-French bloc.

But I think it is fair to the Soviet Union to point out that the real division came on the nature of the body that was to carry out the proposed plan of economic survey, reconstruction and co-operation. The Russians feared—I think rightly—that the new body proposed by the British and French after consultation with the Americans would in fact mean American domination.

Their mistake was not to propose the European Economic Commission of the United Nations as the positive alternative. For that body had been set up only a few months previously with terms of reference that exactly covered the very job it was proposed to do through the Marshall Plan. The truth was that the Russians were suspicious also of the E.E.C. and had been persuaded to agree to its being set up (on Polish initiative) only after vigorous representations from the Poles. But that does not excuse the failure of our Government, purporting to base its policy on the United Nations and the desire to bring in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, to propose the E.E.C. That was a fatal error on our part, as I pointed out in the House in the very first debate on this subject.

House of Commons.
K. ZILLIACUS

COMMUNIST TRIALS

SIR,—I have only recently been able to read the comments of Critic, in your issue of December 24, on my letter published in the same issue, relating to trials in Communist countries.

I pass over the advice he kindly gives me as to what I should argue, and deal merely with his remarks on what he thinks I did argue.

He thinks I argued that all those who have been "killed" in any Communist trial have always been guilty. The short answer is that I argued nothing of the sort. Critic should read a little more carefully what he is criticising.

Critic goes on to assert that the argument which he thinks I put forward is disproved by what he alleges to be the case, that "a large number of the most respected Soviet leaders" were put to death on evidence collected and attested by Yagoda, who was later himself put to death, one of the principal charges against him being that of manufacturing false evidence. This is all a very long way from the facts, for at the trial of Yagoda no charge was put forward, either principal or secondary, of manufacturing false evidence. In any case, so far as the two trials specifically mentioned in my letter are concerned, the accused—apparently unaware that people in Britain knew their cases better than they did, and were busy acquitting them—admitted their

own guilt, and no evidence collected by Yagoda was required or adduced for their conviction.

As for the other cases of a "large number of most respected people" of whom Critic writes, I cannot deal with them, for he gives no names or other details.

It would be interesting to know whether Critic really believes Zinoviev and Kamenev and Radek were not guilty, and if he does, why he does?

House of Commons. D. N. PRITT

[Critic writes: "Mr. Pritt's question has no meaning for me. Where constitutional opposition is impossible, there are always plots, counter-plots and an internal struggle for power. Treason never prospers; if it prospers 'tis not treason." I have no idea, nor has Mr. Pritt, of the truth, because, as Mr. Pritt would be the first to admit in any other than a Communist country, confessions, secretly obtained, are not reliable evidence. In this case the confessions are particularly suspect because they were obtained by a police chief who was himself, shortly after, executed for plotting, poisoning and espionage. My point, however, was not either to defend or defame the dead men. It was rather to suggest that thirty years after the Communist Revolution in Russia it was regrettable that such methods of justice should still be in use, and to protest against their application, on Moscow's direction, to countries which are not now in danger of counter-revolution, and which have some experience of democracy.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE SNATCH-BACK

SIR,—I feel that Benn Levy's article on the Adoption Bill in a recent issue is misleading in fact and confusing in principle.

In discussing the question of the return of a child to its natural mother within the three months' trial period, he completely omits any reference to the fact that no mother can accomplish a "snatch-back" without Court consent. If he thinks that any consent will be given by a magistrate without any regard to the child's welfare, he ought to say so.

He ought also to mention the "throw-back"—the right of an adopter to throw back the child, not only to an Adoption Society but to the natural mother, at any time within the three months without Court consent or other formality. I quoted an example during the debate in the House of a baby so returned because its fair hair threatened to turn auburn, and much distress was caused to the mother in consequence.

Nor has Mr. Levy referred to his own amendment to add further to an unmarried mother's difficulties by imposing on her the liability to pay compensation to the adopters if she succeeds in obtaining Court permission for the return of her child.

I suppose Mr. Levy has considered the connection between an unmarried mother's economic difficulties and the need for her to consider adoption.

If the trial period is to be a genuine "trial" on both sides, then both parties should be equally at liberty to change their minds or their plans.

To use Mr. Levy's own phrase, it can, of course, be no more than a piece of special pleading to say that the emotional response to a child of an adopting couple is "precisely the same" as if it had been born to them, and I know of many psychologists as well as laymen who would violently disagree.

House of Commons. S. W. JEGER

SIR,—Though friendly in tone, Miss Granger's letter was tending to I'm not quite sure what conclusions. I think, however, she was advancing the view, "so often forgotten by laymen," that a child's best friend is its mother. I should have thought that this was a typically lay attitude and that "experienced welfare workers" would be very chary of any such generalisation, especially if their experience had brought them in touch with the deplorable cruelties that children so often suffer in their natural homes and which have now provoked Government attention.

The only generalisation that I myself have ventured is the surely not very controversial one that a child is likely to be happier and better cared for where it is wanted than where it is unwanted, no matter whether its home is "natural" or adopted. From that premise I deprecate any pressure inducing mothers to part with their children when they want to keep them or to maintain them as a duty when they want to be rid of them. Both pressures seem to me highly mischievous and against the interests of the child.

With regard to the "snatch-back" (and again I'm not clear whether Miss Granger agrees with me) the sooner we amend a system whereby mothers can "experiment" in separation from their children at the expense of other innocent couples the better. It was difficult for technical reasons to include the necessary clauses in a Private Member's Bill, but the thing is perfectly feasible.

Lastly, I think Miss Granger will find, if she will take legal advice, that the destruction of the proposed "general consent" clause has not shut out the possibility of baby-farming. BENN W. LEVY

House of Commons.

GISSING AND WELLS

SIR,—Why, Mr. Michael Innes asks, does one take Gissing's visit to Rome as a final touch of the macabre in his life? Why was Wells assuredly not the companion with whom one would have chosen to make, when elderly and ill and disappointed and defeated and morbidly shy and sensitive, once more that overpowering pilgrimage to the well spring of our culture? Why indeed? Wells and Gissing were in Rome together in 1898, when elderly Gissing was 41. Gissing was in rather better shape at the time than Wells, who was under attack by the trouble that nearly killed him later in the year. The month before they met in Rome, Gissing had his most notable financial success in the form of an advance from his American publishers of £100, and from Methuen of £250, for the same novel, so things momentarily seemed to be looking up. Gissing was delighted at the thought of having Wells with him in Rome and arranged to stay in the same hotel "otherwise I might not see enough of you." When the arrangements were complete Gissing wrote: "Its almost too good to be true—the thought of having a second spring holiday together." Once bitten and eager for another bite, you see.

Later, when Wells was in danger in England, Gissing wrote to Mrs. Wells: "I regard H. G. as the friend of a lifetime, I can't do without him, he must be his old self again. My debt to his kindness, his good humour, his wit, his infinite . . ." The sort of thing one might no doubt write in a bad moment to a sick man's wife, but the evidence that Gissing meant it is provided by the change in his letter endings that followed soon after—"yours always," and "yours ever" became "my love to you both." There was a macabre note about the visit to Rome, true enough, for during it Gissing was being pursued by abusive letters from the woman he had picked up in the Regent's Park and married—but that can hardly be laid to Wells' lack of sensibility or taste.

It may also be pointed out that Gissing's feelings about Rome and Italy were more complex than Mr. Innes allows for. It was not that Wells cheerily profaned a shrine precious to Gissing by denying that there was anything holy about it or its associations: Wells enjoyed Rome and Italy enormously because its monuments testified to the richness and variety of the human experiment and to its continuity. Gissing wrote: "I always find it a horrible country; its unspeakable beauty is inseparable from the darkest thoughts; go where you may you see traces of blood and tears . . age after age of strife and tyranny, of vast calamities, of unimaginable suffering . . . you feel something pitiless in the blue sky that has looked so tranquilly on all this. And the people—you see centuries of oppression in their faces, hear it in there voices. Yes, yes, one likes Italy; but in a very special sense of the word." It was this sort of thing, and there is a great deal of it, that made Wells feel that Gissing gave undue weight to a single aspect of life. Mr. Innes adroitly harshens Wells' final judgment on his friend by omitting its key phrase, the first part of the following sentence: "*He spent his big fine brain depreciating life*, because he would not and perhaps could not look life squarely in the eyes."

Wells and Gissing thought they were good friends and said so. It is difficult to see how Mr. Innes can

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know better. . These factless little fantasies of denigration are charmless and best left to what Wells called, in a letter to Hugh Walpole, "the anonymous greasers of the *Times Lit. Sup.*" ANTHONY WEST

The Old Rectory,
Tarrant Hinton,
Blandford, Dorset.

[Michael Innes writes: "'So ended all that flimsy inordinate stir of grey matter that was George Gissing.' If Gissing depreciated life, Wells surely loses no time in depreciating Gissing. And just as the occasion of this epitaph upon his friend shows defective taste, so, it seems to me, do its tone and substance reveal impaired sensibility. Gissing was a more complex person than Wells, as Mr. West's glimpses of their attitudes to Italy and Rome show. He was also a finer artist. And Wells might have acknowledged this had he not become, from the most generous of motives, too preoccupied with 'the human experiment' to recognise devotion to the human comedy."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

WHAT YOUNG MEN WANT TO KNOW

SIR,—Mr. Fyfe wants too much for his money. I set out with the comparatively modest aim of trying to show in fifteen hundred words or so how far the Christian world picture of 1850 has been modified by the developments and discoveries of the last hundred years, and how far the outlines still stand. Mr. Fyfe falls foul of me for not telling him how the creator of the world being a benevolent God squares with the pains of the animals and the miseries of our mortal lot; why the world was not more obviously designed for the benefit of human beings, why God did not make his intentions clearer, why the position of our internal organs has not been changed, and so on. He complains that I do not expound the teachings of Jesus, and leave the central aspects undiscussed. I'm sorry, but really it can't be done, not in fifteen hundred words and not at the price. Besides, my article, as I have hinted, was about something else.

If Mr. Fyfe really wants to know the answers to his questions he should discipline himself to read a book on theology—C. S. Lewis's *The Problems of Pain* tries to answer some of them—but the exposition will take more than fifteen hundred words and cost more than sixpence. Meanwhile, I can't deny myself the pleasure of asking him why he should turn to me, the newest of new boys in the school, to pull these time-honoured chestnuts out of the fire for him. C. E. M. JOAD

Hampstead.

WHITE SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—It is characteristic of the iron curtain mentality, and especially that of White South Africa, to trade on the ignorance and good nature of the foreigner by imposing a local and novel meaning upon words in everyday use. One might pick out several choice examples for semantic exigesis from the letter by the *famille* Marquard (L. and N.J.); but two words italicised in the following sentence will suffice: "about 30 per cent. of the *external* students of the University of South Africa are *non-European*."

Since the intention of this assertion is to rectify my treacherous memory concerning admissibility of Bantu to instruction in institutions of higher learning, the statement that 100 per cent. *external* students of the University of S. Africa are non-European would still be irrelevant, if the authors had in fact disclosed the total number of such students. The figure actually cited is all the more irrevelant because: (*a*) the Union of S. Africa has several well-equipped independent residential universities, notably Cape Town and Witwatersrand; (*b*) the so-called University of S. Africa itself is a federation of scattered colleges with little standing, having no corporate existence other than as an examining body.

Remarks that prompted so masterly an array of immaterial and misleading statistics explicitly referred to higher education of the *Bantu*. It is therefore necessary to remind the British reader that the term *non-European* includes three main categories of the population each with a status defined by legislation: (*a*) *Cape Coloured* with a restricted franchise—chiefly descendants of Malay slaves of the Dutch settlers; (*b*) *Indians*, chiefly in Natal; (*c*) *Bantu*, *i.e.* indigenous Africans, by far the most numerous, and as such deprived of the right to free assembly by the Herrzog administration. It is factually incorrect to refer to individuals who do not enjoy elementary civic privileges as *African citizens*. LANCELOT HOGBEN

Queens Court, Five Ways,
Birmingham.

LABOUR'S DEFEAT IN NEW ZEALAND

SIR,—The Labour Government in New Zealand went down for reasons other than those suggested by you. The election was really decided in the Auckland Province where there was a swing of nine seats to the National Party. The population of the Auckland area has increased since 1939 by almost 50 per cent., but the Government chose to neglect very urgent transport and other public works in the area in favour of Southern centres. Consequently power cuts, gas shortages and other post-war shortages were felt at their worst in the North.

This neglect of the North was brilliantly exploited by the Tory press, which conducted a masterly campaign. Most Socialists realise that the Tory campaign was not combatted with sufficient drive or vigour. Moreover the Labour Government failed to replace its many ageing (and only faintly pink) Ministers with younger and more efficient members. Finally, by introducing conscription, the Government lost the support of a large body of militant trade unionists as well as the vote of many mothers of young families.

To attribute the result to Socialist abstentions will not do. Actually, for the 76 European seats, the voting (93.4 per cent. of the electorate) was the highest on record. The National Party's proportion of the vote increased from 49 per cent. in 1946 to 52.6 per cent. this year, while Labour support declined from 51 per cent. to 46.5 per cent. E. M. GREEN

Mission Bay,
Auckland, N.Z.

NORWEGIAN FISHING

SIR,—A hundred years ago the present dispute about Norwegian territorial waters would no doubt have led to some show of force and it must be considered a sign of progress that a battle of words takes the place of some more violent action.

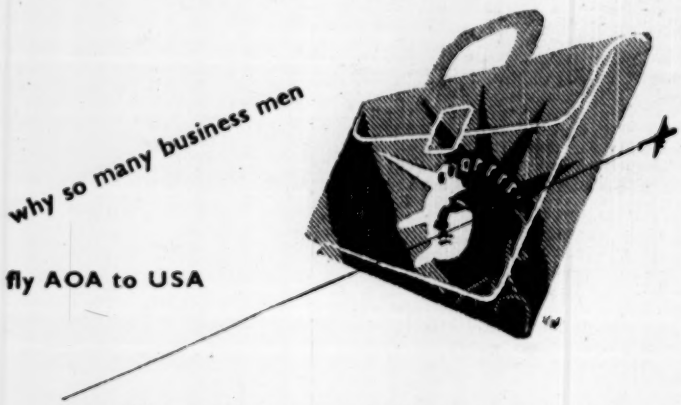
However, the case in point is not a result of progress, but the technical progress of perfecting the "mining" of the seas. Trawling is a new method of fishing to the Norwegians, more or less forced upon us by the very keen competition of late years. In the north of Norway the fishermen still use the technique of old to get their catch, and the fish exported from Norway is by and large not yet caught by trawlers or other modern craft. I must add that the Norwegian herring fisheries, with which we are not concerned here, are the most modern in the world.

The British fishing industry, long modernised, with ever bigger and better trawls and trawlers, has fished empty the North Sea, the Faroe Banks, Icelandic waters and now proposes to empty the banks off the North Norway coast, on which the North Norway inshore fisheries are dependent. It seems clear then that the noble case of the British Government is to prove the legal right of the British Fishing Industry to sweep clean the Banks off the Norwegian coast in order to get the more highly valued inshore fish for sale on a keenly competitive market. One is reminded of the F.A.O. warning that too much fish at present is being marketed.

One is told that the clear basic facts of the case are not being made known to the British public, and this is causing resentment here. One paper states that for this reason it can no longer keep silent and outright accuses the British press of printing vague inaccurate accounts of a semi-official nature.

So little, in fact nothing, can be gained by a bi-national quarrel over bread, as it were, that at least the appendage "circus" certainly ought to be avoided. KJELD BRAKHUS

Oslo.



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Books in General

DURING the first half of the nineteenth century, the English theatre would appear to have been more genuinely and broadly democratic than at any other period. "Give me the days when I played to the pit," the veteran actor Charles Mathews used to exclaim. "The stalls are profitable, but the pit was pulsating!" Edmund Kean was of the same persuasion; and one night when he returned home from Drury Lane where he had triumphed in the part of Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach, and Mrs. Kean asked apprehensively what Lord Essex, a prominent member of the Drury Lane Committee, had had to say about his acting, "Damn Lord Essex!" Kean retorted. "The *pit* ROSE at me." A melodramatic *tour de force* calculated to appeal to the most proletarian sections of his enthusiastic and appreciative, but not too sensitive, audience, Kean's presentation of Overreach made an equally deep impression upon the whole theatre. Hazlitt praised it at length: many years later Byron recollected the gesture of frantic contempt with which Overreach spat at Lovell. His performance has been described again and again, and was painted by George Clint in a picture which to-day hangs in the Garrick Club. It was terrifying, chilling, electric; and, while the ladies who crowded the boxes were frightened into fainting fits and "carried out screaming," and the author of *Childe Harold*—on somewhat poor authority—was reported to have succumbed to a strong convulsive seizure, Kean's fellow actors at the end of the drama were themselves completely pulverised: Mrs. Glover (we learn from Kean's biographer, F. W. Hawkins)

> fainted outright on the stage, Mrs. Horn staggered to a chair and wept aloud at the appalling sight, and Munden . . . stood so transfixed with astonishment and terror that he was taken off by the armpits, his legs trailing and his eyes riveted with a species of fascination on Kean's convulsed and blackened countenance.

Such was the climax of the play, when Overreach, that "cruel extortioner," baffled in all his designs, encircled by his enemies, an assemblage of crafty but sanctimonious Jacobean lay-figures, explodes in a final burst of fury and vituperation. Tearing open his shirt-collar, Kean is said to have rent the stuff to ribbons, "with face lurid, eyes distended, lips swollen and parted at the corners, teeth set and visage quivering." Were Massinger's play devoid of literary merit, we should still be curious to know something of this so-called "*Comoedie*" from which the greatest of English tragic actors evoked what was once described as "the most terrific exhibition of human passion . . . witnessed on the modern stage." In fact, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts**, which Massinger wrote for the Queen's Men "probably between July and December 1625," and of which the first and only Quarto was published in 1633, is a production that on its own account deserves sympathetic reading. Kean was Overreach's finest interpreter; but the play remained a popular stock piece until the close of the Victorian Age, and proved even more successful in America than in England. Nor are its dramatic qualities difficult to discern. It moves fast: it has a sufficiently exciting plot: it displays—or it purports to display—the advantages of virtue and the inevitable fate of wickedness. Above all, the dramatist's dialogue is supremely smooth and fluent. No Shakespearian sublimity here, none of the astonishing flashes of a Webster or a Tourneur; at the same time there is none of the literary conceits, none of the learnedly elaborate curled and spangled euphuisms, which puzzle the average modern playgoer as much as they delighted and entertained his Elizabethan counterpart.

Massinger's verse is often admirable prose; but of his "excellent metre" Coleridge declared that it was "a better model for dramatists in general to imitate than Shakespeare's," since it was "the nearest approach to the language of real life at all compatible with a fixed metre. In Massinger, as in all our poets before Dryden, in order to make harmonious verse in the reading it is absolutely necessary that the meaning should be understood: when the meaning is once seen, the harmony is perfect . . ." Massinger's meaning is usually plain enough—too plain perhaps for the literary critic who puts subtlety of presentation before energy of handling. His sense of drama clung to the surface of life, rarely involving itself in profound emotional issues, with the result that his personages' adventures and misadventures are apt, now and then, to seem strangely insignificant, and that when a hero is betrayed and ruined, or a virtuous character injured and insulted, "it is the same (Coleridge has pointed out) as if any other accident of nature had occured, a pig run under his legs, or his horse had thrown him. There is no dramatic art in it."

Possibly his age was at fault. Son of a Steward of the Household to the second Earl of Pembroke, Philip Massinger was born at Salisbury in 1583 or 1584, and no doubt was brought up at Wilton among reminders of some of the brightest and kindliest figures of the Elizabethan heyday. He was described in the baptismal register as "*generosus*" or of gentle birth; but evidently his fortune was meagre, or his personal life extravagant; and from leaving Oxford in 1606 until his death in 1640 he earned his bread as a sweated dramatist about the London playhouses. Wilton belonged to a romantic past: the Jacobean present was less kindly and less stimulating. A new plutocracy had begun to emerge; and the character of Sir Giles Overreach is thought to have been founded on that of Sir Giles Mompesson, a creature of the royal favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Mompesson, whose malpractices, connected with the recent licensing commission for inns, created universal uproar, had been disgraced and banished the kingdom only a few years earlier; and Overreach is the type of seventeenth-century *parvenu*, insolent and proud and unashamed, gnawing away at the estates of his aristocratic neighbours, who, temporarily worsted and baffled, in the end turn upon him and by superior craft destroy him. Overreach defies them in a wild paroxysm of unrepentant anger. He is removed, struggling and fulminating, to the chains and straw of Bedlam.

Seldom has literary turpitude been so entirely unrelieved; yet such genius as Massinger possessed was concentrated upon Overreach, whose stature increases as the drama proceeds, while his self-righteous accusers shrink to the dimensions of noisy and abusive puppets. Arrayed against him is an oddly assorted crew—the Lady Allworth, a rich and virtuous widow, Young Allworth, her stepson and gentleman page to Lord Lovell, Lord Lovell, a retired soldier, and Wellborn, a patrician rake, ruined by his dissipations. When the play opens, with a characteristic swing, poor Wellborn is being refused credit outside a squalid alehouse:

> *Wellborn*: No bouze? nor no Tobacco?
> *Tapwell*: Not a suck Sir,
> Nor the remainder of a single can
> Left by a drunken porter, all night pall'd too.
> *Froth*: Not the dropping at the tap for your morning's draught, Sir,
> 'Tis verity I assure you.

Wellborn's plight is indeed pathetic; but, if the play can be said to possess a moral, it concerns the admirable solidarity of the English upper classes. Wellborn has declined and degenerated, apparently beyond repair: his habits are deplorable, his suit is old and filthy: he carries a cudgel instead of a sword. But, as soon as it is a question of the well-born Wellborn *versus* the sound and prosperous, yet newly knighted, Overreach, even the squeamish Lady Allworth is prepared to sink her prejudices. Together, Allworth, Wellborn and Lovell attack the *parvenu's* snobbery. He wishes his daughter Margaret to marry a nobleman, whereas Margaret (a hateful and hypocritical girl) wishes to marry young Tom Allworth; and Lovell, her pretended suitor, lends himself to the plot with unremitting diligence. Overreach is thoroughly cozened and deluded. Virtue prevails; and the resourceful landed gentry quit the stage exultant.

Yet it is Overreach who holds our attention and, to a point, commands our sympathy. Although in one respect he is scarcely more individual than Marrall, Tapwell or Froth or Mr. Justice Greedy (a cormorant magistrate perpetually lusting after Overreach's banquets), Massinger is able to confer on him an air of genuine magnitude. He is the Super-man, the supreme egotist:

> Why is not the whole world [he rages]
> Included in myself?

—a man of unbreakable courage, whose fury leaves his antagonists, even the soldierly Lovell, trembling and sweating:

> He's gone, I wonder how the Earth can bear
> Such a portent! I, that have lived a Soldier . . .
> To hear this blasphemous beast, am bathed all over
> In a cold sweat: yet like a mountain he . . .
> Is not more shaken, than Olympus is

a being of instinctive ferocity, who advises his daughter to permit seduction, but vows

* *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. By Philip Massinger. Edited and Introduced by Muriel St. Clare Byrne. *Falcon Press*. 5s.

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ROUTLEDGE AND KEGAN PAUL

that he will wade through blood if her seducer does not marry her:

> How? forsake thee?
> Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
> Shrunk up? or withered? does there live a man
> Of that large list I have encountered with
> Can truly say I ere gave inch of ground . . .?

He is at his noblest when his grandeur is on the verge of toppling; and then Kean, astride Overreach, climbed to heights of tragedy:

> *Lovell:* Are you not frightened with the imprecations,
> And curses, of whole families made wretched . .?
> *Overreach:* Yes, as rocks are
> When foamy billows split themselves against
> Their flinty ribs; or as the Moon is moved,
> When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.

Efficient rhetoric, one might have considered; but luckily there is a contemporary account of how Kean contrived to extract from the lines their quintessential poetic value. "I seem still to hear the words (wrote Doran) and the voice as I pen this passage; now composed, now grand as the foamy billows; so flutelike on the word 'moon,' creating a scene with the sound, and anon sharp, harsh, fierce in the last line, with a look upward from those matchless eyes, that rendered the troop visible, and their howl perceptible to the ear; the whole serenity of the man, and the solidity of his temper, being less illustrated by the assurance in the succeeding words than by the exquisite music in the tone with which he uttered the word 'brightness'." Kean has vanished into the limbo of dead actors; but *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* is still a play that we can re-read. To Massinger's virtues and defects, Miss St. Clare Byrne's introduction of this celebrated melodrama in the "Falcon Plays" series provides an intelligent and sympathetic tribute.

PETER QUENNELL

Coming

ROMMEL

by Desmond Young

To be published by Collins on January 23rd at 12s. 6d., with illustrations and an appendix of Rommel's personal papers discovered while the book was actually printing.

DRAGONS' TEETH

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939. First Series, Volume III, 1919. Edited by E. L. WOODWARD and ROHAN BUTLER. *Stationery Office.* 32s. 6d.

Four great Empires were shattered by the first German war. The victorious allies found some sort of policy for three of them; they failed to find a policy for the fourth, Russia. This failure is the theme of the most recent volume of Foreign Office papers. The allies had originally intervened in Russia in order to get the Germans out; and their most pressing concern was still to expel German troops from the Baltic States. Even this was beyond their means. The allies had no troops to spare of their own; Lloyd George objected to using Polish troops, since this would commit him to a pro-Polish policy elsewhere; and the Americans even objected to a blockade of the Baltic, since this would retard the recovery of Silesia and the establishment of "normalcy." The White Russians, to whom the allies were committed, hated Bolshevism; they hated the independence of the Baltic States still more and were willing to use German troops against it. In November, 1919, a Foreign Office memorandum pointed out, that if there were a combination of Baltic States, "it will be a *cordon sanitaire* not against Bolshevik Russia, but against anti-Bolshevik Russia." As the allies could not effectively threaten von der Goltz and his legionaries in the Baltic, they had to threaten the German Government in Berlin; and Noske, after a good deal of evasion, finally supplied the authority which the allies lacked. This was hardly a victory for the so-called Supreme Council.

By the autumn of 1919 the Baltic States had made peace with Soviet Russia and had been recognised by the allies; elsewhere policy was still lacking. British representatives and the remnants of British forces sprawled across Russia from Archangel to the Caucasus. None had any strength, and none could persuade the local White leaders to adopt "not necessarily a fully democratic government in the Western sense, but a modern government." The Foreign Office remained obstinately ignorant of conditions in Soviet Russia. Though the readers of the *Manchester Guardian* or the *Daily News* could form a clear and fairly accurate picture, the Foreign Office preferred to rely on the gossip of Poles and émigrés, patiently recording that Bolshevism was on the verge of collapse or that "Lenin (who represents the moderate element) is losing influence." One of the curiosities of modern times is the unshakable conviction of the Foreign Office that no journalist (except of course *The Times* correspondent at Riga) ever had information of value about Soviet Russia. In July, 1919, it is fair to say, Mr. Harvey, a member of the Foreign Office, jibbed at the assumptions of British policy. He wrote: "It is impossible to account for the stability of the Bolshevik Government by terrorism alone." Support should be withdrawn from the White armies. "The Russians would then be left to themselves and the Government of Lenin would have to justify itself in the light of its works." This memorandum met with the disapproval of Mr. Harvey's superior and did not reach Lord Curzon, let alone the War Cabinet. Mr. R. H. Hoare had no better luck in December. His argument in favour of recognising the Soviet Government was minuted by Lord Curzon: "Mr. Hoare not unfairly says that our policy has been at. ended with much grief and with lack of success. But I am not clear that his would be free from either of these vices."

The policy of the War Cabinet, so far as it had one, was to continue to send inadequate aid to the White Russian forces: it would be dishonourable to desert those who had once received British encouragement. It was, however, equally dishonourable to fail to follow this policy to its logical conclusion by intervening in Russia in a massive way; yet everyone knew that this was out of the question. The War Cabinet fell back on the device of appealing to the allies to formulate a general policy towards Russia. Curzon minuted appropriately: "If any one is sanguine enough to believe that this moribund [Peace] Conference is capable in its death throes of producing a Russian policy, I am not that man." As expected, the Peace Conference never managed to devise a Russian policy. The Americans complained at the British withdrawal from the Caucasus, but refused to go there themselves or even to contribute towards the cost of the British expedition; the French complained that the British, by helping Denikin, were encroaching on the French sphere of interest. Curzon, who had wanted an independent British policy, watched the failure of allied co-operation with sour delight but he was equally at a loss when it came to his turn. In December, 1919, he dispatched Sir H. Mackinder on a special mission to southern Russia. Mackinder came back with the recommendation to back Denikin with military and financial means. His report, which does little credit to the judgment of the founder of geopolitics, was firmly rejected by Lloyd George; and therewith British policy in Russia fell to pieces. The British agents with the Whites were withdrawn; and Curzon minuted: "So ends a highly discreditable enterprise."

Though relations with the Whites ended, relations with the Bolsheviks were not established. In autumn, 1919, the British Government were forced into unofficial contact with the Soviet Government in order to discuss the exchange of prisoners. Chicherin and Curzon corresponded by long-distance wireless, a correspondence in which Curzon was first winded and then outwitted. O'Grady, a respectable Labour M.P., was sent to negotiate with Litvinov at Copenhagen; there followed the first experience of that Russian tenacity and ingenuity now familiar to all. In 1919 it was surprising and disconcerting. Litvinov was inexhaustibly patient in luring O'Grady from the technical question of the exchange of prisoners to more general topics; and his plausible charm finally tempted O'Grady into signing an agreement about prisoners which was, in some points, directly contrary to his instructions. This was a nonsensical situation. The Bolshevik Government existed; it was being treated as a government; and Curzon tried to invoke common standards of behaviour. Yet O'Grady was forbidden to discuss political questions even in the most general terms. The British Government was not only ignorant of everything that went on in Soviet Russia; it was determined to remain so. Since the Soviet Government had been so ill-mannered as to refuse to succumb before the feeble British intervention, it should be taught a lesson—and ignored. In fact, the British Government had already arrived, by simple intuition, at the Russian policy which it still maintains.

The other aspect of east Europe which affected British policy in 1919 was Poland, and especially the Polish claims to Ukrainian territory. Lloyd George fought strenuously against the Polish demand for east Galicia. For instance he said to Paderewski on June 5, 1919: "You have got twenty millions of Poles free, you have got an absolutely united Poland. It is a thing which no Pole could have conceived as possible five years ago; and in addition to that, they are claiming even populations which are not their own. . . . They are more imperialist, believe me, than either England and France, than certainly the United States." (The peculiar grammar is usual in the protocols of international meetings.) The British first advocated autonomy for east Galicia; then accepted a Polish mandate with a plebiscite after ten years; were pushed into

extending this to twenty-five years; and finally saw the limit disappear before their eyes. Lloyd George talked sound sense when in January, 1920, he advised the Poles to limit their ambitions:

> If the Poles made a sincere attempt to make an equitable peace and the Bolsheviks either refused peace or, having made peace, proceeded to repudiate it, Great Britain would feel bound to assist Poland to the best of her power. . . . If, on the other hand, Poland insisted on retaining within Poland areas which were indisputably Russian according to the principles generally applied by the Peace Conference, and if the Bolshevik Government refused the peace on this ground and attacked Poland in order to recover Russian districts for Russia, it would be very difficult, if not impossible, for the British Government to get public opinion to support military or financial outlay in these circumstances.

Here again, the British made the worst of both worlds. They would not support Pilsudski's ambition of incorporating all the Ukraine and so making Poland the Great Power of eastern Europe; on the other hand they could not compel the Poles to be satisfied with their ethnic territory. British policy was muddled and contradictory: with the Poles, as with the Bolsheviks, the British tried to behave as a Great Power when the means of power were no longer theirs. It is not surprising that those at the receiving end had a less charitable explanation; and Bolshevik suspicions of British policy will not appear mysterious to the students of this volume.

There has been a welcome, though unacknowledged change of editorial policy in this volume. Until now we have been denied the minutes of the Foreign Secretary. They would, it was claimed, take up too much space; and "constitutional propriety" forbade the revelation of conflicts within the Office or the Government. Mr. Butler has evidently revolted against this self-denying ordinance. This, like all revolts, is to be encouraged.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

INSIDE BRITISH SOCIALISM

Growing up into Revolution. By MARGARET COLE. *Longmans.* 15s.

I opened Mrs. Cole's reminiscences with much curiosity. I was still an undergraduate when, filled with awe, I first met Douglas and Margaret Cole—they were not long married—and learned from them all about Guild Socialism. Abler, bolder and more serious than any of their rivals, they had become the acknowledged leaders of the young Socialists of the post-first-World War period. We spent most of our time discussing the coming revolution and the sort of State we intended to set up after it. The non-Socialist world was scarcely worth our powder and shot, and our principal butts were the Webbs. For them, of course, we really had great respect, but affected to regard them as out of date, lingering superfluous on the political stage. Bernard Shaw was the only person at whom we did not scoff. When we were tired of arguing about Guild Socialism we sang songs from Chesterton's *Flying Inn* to the tunes of familiar hymns. We had the grace to laugh at ourselves, most noticeably in the famous Summer School revue, which ended with Ellen Wilkinson, then the reddest of Communists, with yards of red hair and red ribbon flowing over a stage piled high with corpses butchered to make a Fabian holiday.

The members of the National Guilds League ranged from Catholics or medievalists like Sir Henry Slesser and Maurice Reckitt on the Right to Page Arnot, our favourite among the Communists, on the Left. The Coles held a theoretical position somewhere in the centre of this extraordinary team until the straddle became too wide, when William Mellor, the rudest of the Left-wingers, staged an attack which split it into fragments.

No one can be in a better position than Margaret Cole to write an inside story of the N.G.L., and it is a pity that, in describing this episode in the history of British Socialism, a mood of reticence appears to have come over her. The story would have been worth telling in much more detail, if only because, though the "Guild" movement died, it played a part in the development of British Socialist thought particularly relevant just now when Britain is confronting the problems of nationalisation. Quondam Guild Socialists recall that they always demanded decentralisation and workers' control as the necessary safeguards against too much bureaucracy.

This is a personal grouse. There is much of great interest in Mrs. Cole's book. The daughter of Professor Postgate, one of the most conservative of men, and sister of Raymond Postgate, in youth one of the most revolutionary of sons, she outdid us all in irreverence, dogmatism and revolutionary fervour. I enjoyed her personal record of Cambridge before the first World War and her disparaging account of Roedean during the same epoch. Some of her best things are dropped in, as it were, as afterthoughts. I liked her story in a footnote describing what she calls "The Hays Office Code" at Roedean, which "banned words like 'ripping' and 'rotten,' and forbade one girl to call another by an 'animal name,' e.g. 'pig'; results were not always those intended. One visiting parent asked her daughter: 'Why do you keep calling things obscene? It is such an ugly word.' 'Because we are not allowed to use slang,' was the reply."

Mrs. Cole's reminiscences also contain quite admirable photographs of several generations of Postgates and Coles, a candid account of why Mr. and Mrs. Cole could successfully collaborate in writing detective fiction, but not books about Socialist theory or history, and a useful and able discussion of present Socialist politics, written from a Fabian standpoint. Indeed, it is the irony of this book that Mrs. Cole is now one of the executors of Mrs. Webb and obviously her deep admirer, and that she is to-day one of the dominant personalities of the Fabian Society. Granted that Russia, which Mrs. Cole visited with other Fabians in 1932, has done much to take the venom and the idealism out of British Socialism, it still remains remarkable that the Margaret Cole whom I knew thirty years ago, who used to talk as if anyone not ready at once to die heroically on the barricades was either a knave or a fool, should call her Memoirs *Growing up into Revolution*. She seems not fully aware that her revealing account is really a discussion of how she—and a whole generation of British Socialists with her—have grown, not into, but away from, revolution.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

ALL NEATLY WRAPPED

The People of Great Russia. By GEOFFREY GORER and JOHN RICKMAN. *Cresset.* 10s. 6d.

The whole subject of national character is so vague that discussion of it soon takes on the seductive tones of palmistry. Travellers, traders, diplomats and literary men have made their shrewd but random generalisations; they have been followed by the sociologists who have tried to bring an untidy subject to order, by the device of the single rigid explanation: the economic factor. And now the psychologists and anthropologists are attempting a more subtle systematisation which will expose the mechanics of any given race. Following the suggestions of Malinowski and Freud and guided by Margaret Mead, Mr. Gorer has approached the mysterious Russian character in this spirit. It is an admitted disadvantage that his enquiries could not be pursued in Russia itself; that he confines himself to the peasantry of Great Russia and that a good deal of his diagnosis relates to pre-revolutionary life. But he had Russian assistants from both periods who added their own experience to what, also, can be discerned in another most important source: Russian literature. (Here, the almost documentary Leskov supplements Dostoevsky.) There is finally the brutally vivid narrative of Mr. Gorer's collaborator, Dr. Rickman who served with the Quaker Relief between 1916 and 1918. The result is a book of brilliant and startling guesses, some of them very valuable, others that seem to

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me quite wild examples of psychological speculation conducted in a void. That Russian schoolboys, to take a minor example, tend to regard their masters as natural enemies, will not strike English schoolboys as a special signpost to Russian character.

Mr. Gorer would not deny the force of the obvious objections to his particular kind of handreading. The point of his method, he would say, is that it does not aim at a single explanation, but attempts to suggest how some well-known elements of Russian character—things like violence, apathy, mistrust, the dislike of differing opinions, to take random examples—are strengthened by early emotional events. He builds a great deal of his argument on the infantile experiences of the Great Russian peasant, and especially on the rigid swaddling of the child in his first seven months of life, the impersonal methods of handling and nursing in a large family group, and so on. To take an example from English life: it seems likely, as Mr. Jack Common pointed out in *The Freedom of the Streets*, that the collective action favoured by the English working classes has had strong emotional support from childhood life.

The swaddled Russian child of Mr. Gorer's diagnosis is subject to rage at the constriction, the rage becomes impotent, he projects this rage upon the world and feels guilt, he sinks into apathy and depression; when he is released he rushes to an orgy of freedom. He is packed up again by the impersonal hands of some member of his family—and once more left alone with his emotions. In later life he will experience the same violent alternations of feeling, the same depressions and concern with his soul; his environment and his early life will conspire to continue the infantile pattern.

The theory is ingenious. It leads Mr. Gorer into some odd incidental reflections. For example, the child screams, Russians cannot bear a screaming child (only Russians?), they plug its mouth; the result is that the child can express its emotion only with its eyes. Hence the enormously expressive eyes of the Russian peasant and the Russian belief that the eyes express the inner life or soul! Good heavens! A singular expressiveness of the eyes is notorious among Italians who do not swaddle their babies. The poets of all literate peoples have believed the eyes to be the mirror of the soul. Mr. Gorer is, in fact, telling us nothing about the Russians in statements like these. Violent alternations of feeling, from high emotion to apathy, are common among the Spaniards: were they swaddled? Eskimos are given to orgies. If these are not to be traced to swaddling, what is it that provokes them? Dare we suggest the monotony of an appalling climate, the introspection of the igloo?

We are thrown back, as we so often are in psychological inquiry, upon forces outside the individual. In Wales we would be led at once to the legacies of tribal life; in Southern Italy or Spain to the pastoral inheritance. Nations are subject, it seems, to cultural fixations, analogous to the emotional in individuals. It is when Mr. Gorer brings these social forces into the foreground that he becomes rewarding. The notable large influence on the mind of the great Russian peasant was the village with its tradition of unanimous decisions—a tradition that continues a nomadic habit in a settled society. In the past, before the Revolution, the village gathered in its meetings and did not break up until decision was unanimous: minorities did not *wish* to exist. To disagree was to be lonely, and that was intolerable. Persisted in, disagreement became criminal. A second major influence was the teaching of the Orthodox Church which has an important difference from the Western Church in its central sacrament:

> The central sacrament of Western Christianity is Communion, the intimate connexion between the individual worshipper and Jesus Christ; in the Orthodox Church the central experience is *sobornost*, the Pentecostal descent of the Holy Ghost on the whole congregation simultaneously. Whereas a solitary Western Communicant loses nothing by his solitude, an Orthodox believer cannot participate in *sobernost* without the presence of his fellows and peers.

The "unfocussed guilt" first felt by the swaddled child in the first seven months of his life merges readily with the Orthodox doctrine of universal sinfulness. In Orthodox confession (Mr. Gorer points out) the penitent kneels before the standing priest and makes a ritual confession of general sinfulness, the priest cross-examines him—the penitent does not volunteer his sins—and the penitent may be refused absolution if he does not confess to the accusations of the priest:

> In the Occident guilt feelings apparently become formulated considerably later in life and are perceived as fear of punishment from specific external (or later internalised) parental or quasi-paternal figures for having contravened specific ethical rules. Among the Great Russians these guilt feelings apparently arise before the people in the external world are clearly differentiated . . .

(that is, in the swaddled period)

> and are felt, not as fear of punishment from specific figures, but as fear of dark forces (*tyommiye sili*) which might overwhelm one.

The psychological relief of confession is enormous. The effect of absolution is immense. In religious life it was quite common to confess to precise things which one had not done in order to obtain this total purgation.

The bearing of this upon the confessions at the State trials is obvious. Mr. Gorer's diagnosis excludes the old intelligentsia and the Soviet élite—both unswaddled; but it has some bearing on them; indeed, the Soviet have often used the "old" character, and may be said to have merely transposed basic themes into a new key. On all this Mr. Gorer is profoundly interesting and is suitably hesitant in his conclusions. He is especially good on the official cultivation of hate—which the Soviet shares with the Nazis—and on the conviction that, in personal or political life, the only alternative to complete equality is complete subordination. The Western notions of compromise and the relative, founded on the long traditions of Western law, are simply unknown to the Russians. This is quite clear from Dostoevsky, and I would recommend the reader to read Mr. Gorer with *A Writer's Notebook* at his side. But it would be wrong to convey that Mr. Gorer is a tendentious inquirer. He is very interesting on the peculiarities of Russian emotional life, on the sense of mission and of being responsible for the sins of the universe, on pity, sympathy and love. He modestly calls his book an experiment, but it is a highy provocative and disputable one: an experiment in ignoring the historical approach, the generalisations about class, production, tyranny, revolution, the masses, which have usually been the basis for studies of this kind.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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THE BODLEY HEAD

AMAZONS AND MILLINERS

Name into Word. By ERIC PARTRIDGE. *Secker & Warburg.* 25s.

The Amazons never came from the Amazon, but milliners came from Milan. In his learned and enchanting new work which he subtitles "a discursive dictionary," Mr. Partridge traces the origin and absorption of proper names into the English—and American—languages. Scholarly, as one would expect from Mr. Partridge's previous work, and discursive, as he says, it is an admirable book to dip into; but it is impossible to stop there. Chasing a cross-reference from "c" to "h" ("conkers. See hong-kong") the eye is caught by "hermaphrodite," "gum-arabic" and "golgotha," and Hong-Kong is abandoned and forgotten. The subject of names as words brings to mind the incantatory and descriptive qualities with which Marlowe managed to invest them; but few adjectives or verbs have been produced in comparison to nouns, and euphony and onomatopoeia have played little part. The only adjective that we have from Caesar is "caesarean" from the way he entered the world, not from the figure that he cut in it; the process seems rather to have been one of moving from the particular to the general, adopting the names of places and people for their products and associations, sifting words through several languages, and of shortening.

But as entertainment the reading of this book is a Caucus-race with glittering prizes for all, even the reviewer. It is common knowledge that the origin of "assassin" is from "hashishiyy," eaters of hashish, but other drugs have less-known derivations. Of Marijuana:

> The word is Mexican Spanish, being Maria Juana (Mary Jane) . . . slang synonyms, Mary Ann and Mary Warner . . . which becomes Marijuana, which was bestowed on the plant and the drug.

The latter, being an aphrodisiac, seemed to men, says Mr. Partridge, to possess a striking degree of appeal.

In the gallery of immortals reside Etienne de Silhouette, Sultan Uthman (of the ottoman), and Matthew Parker, a Tudor divine, "who was so very busy a person that some people did think of him as rather a busybody"—perhaps christened Matthew ("Nosey") Parker by the "Tatler" of his day. Also Tammany, the chief of the Delaware Indians, "who became the patron saint of the anti-British, then of democracy, and finally of the Democrats," and by the most curious derivation of all, Derrick, an early Tyburn hangman, hence a gallows, hence anything that hoists. Collectors of rarities will observe that an "alphonsin" is a surgical instrument for the extraction of bullets from the person (after Alfonso Ferri the Papal physician), and a "peavey" is a timber-lumberer's leaver. Nor is rhyming slang neglected.

Mr. Partridge's definitions of words are pleasingly free from the usual dictionary inhibitions, the desire to be fair—and thus authoritative—by avoiding stepping on other people's social

and political corns. The entry under "Norman blood" says:

> It is used in reference to the aristocracy that came to England with or was created by William of Normandy in '1066 and all that.' It connotes snobbery and should be compared with American descent from the Pilgrims of the Mayflower.

The comment on the Fenians is that "they confused dynamite with dynamics."

To illustrate the usage of words in their context, quotations are selected with admirable catholicity from anyone from Sir Osbert Sitwell to the *Detective Fiction Weekly* for 1935. Under "Daniel," for instance, comes the quotation: "(Mulcted at a nightclub): 'I feel like Daniel among the bloody lions,' he said. From *You're in the Racket Too* by James Curtis." The drawback is that the quotations are sometimes so fascinating that one feels a distracting urge to chase them up or to add others. Under the entry "Angostura" might go a quotation from the label on the bottle:

> Pour half a teaspoonful of Angostura into a wineglass, mix it with rum, wine, or other liquor and take it before breakfast or dinner or at any other hour of the day if you should feel inclined.

Part One of the volume contains every term that is deemed relevant in standard works such as the Concise Oxford English Dictionary, Horwill's Modern American Usage, and others; relegated to Part Two are the border-line cases which depend for inclusion on Mr. Partridge's opinion alone. Caudine forks, Anthony Edens, Crockfords and Crippen, Nissen huts (after Colonel Nissen), Serbonian bogs, Vienna steaks and Thomism have only Mr. Partridge's cachet. But that should be enough.

"No word is a 'mere' word." They arrive trailing origins and associations. A peach is the fruit of Persia; "silk" comes to us from China through Greece. Pinned down, analysed, commented on and set off to their best advantage they lose nothing in the process; indeed, the reverse. The book is a sensitive and valuable presentation of language as a living thing.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG

AMBIGUOUS ARCHBISHOP

Cosmo Gordon Lang. By J. G. LOCKHART. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25s.

Mr. J. G. Lockhart has in this book deliberately refrained from attempting to write Church history. Instead he has given us a most revealing portrait of a modern Anglican ecclesiastic. The son of a Scottish manse, Lang's early life was not unlike that of many Scottish boys of similar background, except that his ambitions seem to have run on unusually extravagant lines. He felt, for instance, as others of his day and generation, the influence of Edward Caird's exposition of Hegel in Glasgow University, and in moving south to Balliol, he was simply following a well-trodden road. His Oxford career was not entirely successful, but it ended in the triumphant entry on a fellowship at All Souls.

It seemed as if the way were now open for the career of his dreams. But suddenly he turned his back on his hopes and decided to seek ordination in the Church of England. When he made his decision he was not even confirmed. It is clear that in his mind in after years this step of his stood out as response to a genuinely divine call. His private diary contains a very illuminating entry relating to his thoughts on his 60th birthday, in the course of which he says:—

> I have tried hard to rationalise those early experiences. . . . But it won't do, unless the whole of one's inner life and the highest and truest part of the life of man is a delusion and a mockery. No: if I am called to swear my conviction of the truth of anything, I will swear that behind these experiences there is a Reality—God in Christ. I must stake my life on that truth. Else indeed it is 'a tale told by an idiot . . . signifying nothing. . . '.

One may resent the turgidity of his style in these and similar extracts; but the depth of feeling which lies behind them is unmistakable.

His life makes a strange story, superficially a rather horrible "success story." As one who knew him remarked, "he was an *unbelievable* snob." In his delight in the society of royal personages and of the rich and well connected, there was a naivety which could only raise a titter. Even when in York, in 1915, he made an admirable protest against the strident hate propaganda of the first world war, he could only do so in terms of a personal defence of the Kaiser, with whom he shared the "sacred memories" of Queen Victoria's passing. Even at Cuddesdon in Holy Week in retreat, he is anxious to secure from the students just the right amount of deference proper to his office. At the Coronation in 1937 he is revealed as almost intoxicated by the task which has fallen to his lot; it is inevitable that he should speak of it as the climax of his ecclesiastical career.

Lang remains, however, in spite of this a fascinating, even a moving figure, because all the time he was living within himself a curiously intense inner life, seeking humility before all else, questioning his every outward achievement, loyal always to that love of the Eucharist instilled in him by men like King and Scott Holland, who were his masters. He loved his holidays on Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's yacht; but more and more his holiday at Ballure in South Argyllshire, together with his Holy Week retreat at Cuddesdon, became the pivot of his year. Set him against Davidson and Temple, and you find in him a man whose life raises problems set by neither. Here for better or worse is a man whose legacy to the world would seem in the end to be found in his wrestling with himself.

It is futile to ask on the evidence that Mr. Lockhart gives us whether he was a great Archbishop. The biography does not give us the data we need for such a judgment; nor of course are the criteria of greatness in such a connection easily found. There is justification in the comment that he left Stepney for York too soon, and York for Canterbury too late. How far he in any way measured the present predicament of the Church, it is hard to say. He laboured carefully and earnestly for reunion; his brother became Moderator of the Church of Scotland, and Lang himself never quite forgot the debt he owed to his upbringing in the manse. On this issue he certainly cared deeply; and from the standpoint of his own somewhat detached liberal Catholicism, he was able effectively to give the lie to those who over-simplified the issue by pretending either that the quarrel of Canterbury with Rome or her quarrel with the English Free Churches were somehow unreal. If he had to choose between the attitude of the late Lord Halifax and that of the late Lord Brentford, he would choose the former; but as he often told his old friend at Hickleton, he sought a more excellent way. Yet of the tremendous problems of the survival of the Christian faith and the Christian way of life in a post-Christian society, he seemed almost completely unaware. It must however be said in fairness to his memory that his utterances on national occasions generally avoided the grey, schoolmasterish mediocrity characteristic of those of the present occupant of the chair of St. Augustine.

In spite of his being so protected against the impact of the sharpest challenges his age offered to his faith, his legacy lies in his struggle. A fellow of All Souls, he had a certain aristocratic disdain for the most characteristic preoccupations of *The Church Times*. Yet he lacked that vivid awareness of contemporary social, moral, and spiritual issues for which Scott Holland, his master, had been noted. Prima facie he was certainly not an ecclesiastical statesman of the calibre of Davidson; it is hard to see exactly from this book how he set to work to salvage the latter's policy after its defeat in 1928. He certainly lacked Temple's range and prophetic power; although it must be remembered always that by resigning when he did in 1942, he did much to secure for the Anglican Communion the blessed interlude of Temple's primacy. But his life

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raises the problem of faith and unbelief more deeply perhaps than the lives of either of them. In the end apart from his continual facing of that problem in himself, it is a mere series of episodes; some, like the Abdication, interesting to the reader of the Sunday newspapers, others suggestive to the student of social history. But the whole is woven together because in spite of the snobbery, the triviality, the almost bland indifference to the tremendous changes going on around him, Lang faced continually the problem of his priesthood, and in facing it, faced the metaphysical problem of faith and unbelief.

His life will not set a man on fire like the life of Albert Schweitzer or even that of Robert Radclyffe Dolling, whom Lang's predecessor had crucified in fear, as Scott Holland said, of what the Athenaeum might say to him. To many he will seem a singularly unattractive figure, moving in a world of which they know little and which anyhow belongs largely to the past. None will find here any traces of the sort of energetic wrestling with the actualities of modern industrial society that can be found, for instance, in Father John Groser's recent book, *Persons and Politics*. But they will find the story of a man whose faith enabled him, even as it compelled him, to see himself as he was. Lang may well have been right to account himself a failure: but in his doing so, perhaps lies his significance.

D. M. MACKINNON

NEW NOVELS

Pretend I am a Stranger. By JACK AISTROP. *Dobson.* 10s. 6d.
The Works of God. By GIUSEPPE BERTO. *Secker & Warburg.* 8s. 6d.
The Track of the Cat. By WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

The reviewing of novels is regarded by many people as an occupation at once dull and lurid, a kind of cross between addressing envelopes and organising the vice-racket. What does the novel-reviewer expect to get out of it? A passage from *Mademoiselle de Maupin* may be taken as revealing his secret hopes about his *métier*:

C'est une excellente maîtresse pour un jeune homme qui a des préjugés. En huit jours elle vous débarrasse une conscience de tout scrupule, et vous corrompt le coeur de manière à ce que vous ne soyez jamais ridicule ni élégiaque.

If the novel-reviewer, with his discarded prejudices, his disencumbered conscience and his corrupted heart, can really avoid the two notes of the ridiculous and the elegiac, which seem to have a magnetic attraction for everyone who writes about the Novel, his sufferings in reading a hundred novels when he has a stomach for only ten will not have been in vain.

For the novel-reviewer the end of 1949 was a bad time, a waste land of gift editions and children's pony books. It was difficult to find anything worth reviewing, but a run through shelves of novels which had been passed over soon got bogged down in the mixture of magazine romance, whimsy Miniverish laments, professional Irishry, war-reporting and left-over proletarian writing which clutches at the boots of those who leave the safe track of respectable fiction. The novels which had been passed over were clearly better forgotten. A dozen or so current novels were short-listed, but the only English candidate to be chosen in the end was Mr. Jack Aistrop's *Pretend I am a Stranger*. It is the story of a man who starts off as Bill Maclaren, a product of the London slums, betters himself a little, is called up, has a tough time, and emerges as a lost-memory case with the surname of Connor. Eventually he clears it all out of his system by writing novels and marrying the widow of an Army friend.

It is when faced by a book of this kind that the novel-reviewer—the professional amorist—comes into his own. ("He learnt about women from *her*.") *Pretend I am a Stranger* is thus seen to have merits and defects which are characteristic of an important class of current English novels. The class I have in mind are "serious" novels, not merely pieces of light entertainment, and they reach a considerable level of competence in plot and writing. The reporting is always good: it makes one think that the authors have been led to take up their task by those correspondence school advertisements which begin: "Can you write a good letter?" They are like letters, too, in that they consist of a series of episodes; the artistic vision necessary to perceive, and the intellectual authority necessary to compose on the full scale are both lacking. Remarkably few English novelists outside the top rank have any style, or, indeed, so far as one can see, any apprehension of the concept. For that matter they have no lightness of touch or sense of humour. They want a severe course in Ronald Firbank and Mr. Henry Green. This goes especially for dialogue. The dialogue is either watery or else self-consciously crisp and laconic. Whenever (outside the stories of Mr. Maclaren-Ross, the acknowledged master) I see a thin line of dialogue down the left-hand side of the page, my heart sinks. Mr. Aistrop at one point seems to parody this effect:

"Come far?"
"Pompey."
"What mob?"
"Rats."
"You saw plenty then," Bill said.
The man nodded.
"No job waiting?" Bill asked
"Shop-boy—in a grocer's."
"Looking for something now?"
"Suits me, this."

Mr. Aistrop scores by being readable, by having a sense of humour, and by being ready to have a bash at different *milieux*: it is the satisfaction of being a reviewer that one can derive a certain pleasure from distinguishing this degree of superiority.

The Works of God is hardly a novel; it is a long short story, and there are other shorter pieces included in the volume. The theme of all of them is summed up in the title of one: *The War Passed Over Us*. The kind of people Signor Berto is concerned with are the bewildered, frightened civilians who appear from the cellars when the fighting dies down. In the title story a peasant family leave their home and run into an incomprehensible chain of disasters. The author succeeds in making the reader see it all, the girl running away to join her lover, the besotted old man leading the pig into the minefield, the broken bottle of wine and the burning house. But although one can see all this, it is difficult to feel as much about it as, presumably, one was intended to. Put Berto's peasants beside Silone's and they seem mere types, "flat" characters who say the same thing every time they appear. Again, there is a story about the last hours of a young partisan: it does not exactly challenge comparison with Sartre's *The Wall*—but it is enough that it recalls that appalling masterpiece. The best of the collection is the last story in the book, a story about American soldiers which I suspect of having gained a queer accidental advantage from having been translated from the Italian, but which is the only story in the book which I found moving as well as convincing.

Reading right through to the end of Mr. Clark's book was a task which I managed to carry out only in the interests of that mind-broadening process to which, as I have said, the novel-reviewer is dedicated. *The Track of the Cat* is too long. The title has a literal meaning; the cat is a panther, an animal which has already been given a talismanic significance in Miss Jean Stafford's *The Mountain Lion*, a novel which Mr. Clark's recalled to the disadvantage of his own. Mr. Clark's panther appears to be a symbol of the elemental forces with which men have to contend. It begins by killing cattle, and proceeds to kill one of the two brothers who go out to hunt it. The surviving brother tracks it, while the rest o the family remain at home, quarrelling, making love and drinking, but all on a rather minor key, although the talk is fairly big. ("Your pa called her a dirty foreign little mucker's brat. Well, she's that all right, but that's the least of what she is. I never been one to mince my words, when they were the truth. Whore is what I called her, and whore is what she is. I'm sayin' only what has to be said, and you'll listen to me.") Meanwhile, in bitter weather, with intermittent snow, the pursuit goes on. When Mr. Clark is dealing with physical events and physical atmosphere he is good; the best things in this book are those which recall Jack London. The worst are those which recall *Cold Comfort Farm*, and in particular the old hired man who, for my taste, is given one monosyllable too many.

J. D. SCOTT

DAUDET

Alphonse Daudet. By G. V. DOBIE. *Nelson.* 21s.

"Imaginative writers of the first order always give us an impression that they have a kind of philosophy. We should be embarrassed to put our finger on Daudet's philosophy," Henry James wrote in 1883, when Daudet was at the height of his fame. This was a dutiful afterthought; for James's essay expresses the sincere admiration which we feel for those whose temperaments and methods are the opposite of our own.

The qualities which James admired in Daudet are the ones which he could never hope to emulate: a spontaneous delight in character and action, an urgency and a zest so strong as to be able to dispense with the rules—let alone the refinements—of syntax, and a ruthless disregard for the consistency required of those who aspire to be "imaginative writers of the first order." Daudet was full of conflicting prejudices, sympathies and dislikes; he could document his novels as conscientiously as the brothers Goncourt or tell some Gargantuan lie with relish and naivety; he could be as "scientific" in his attitude as Zola and yet preserve a sentimental love of Catholic ritual, a narrow nationalism and the regional eccentricities of a Provençal. Like Dickens, he was a tragi-

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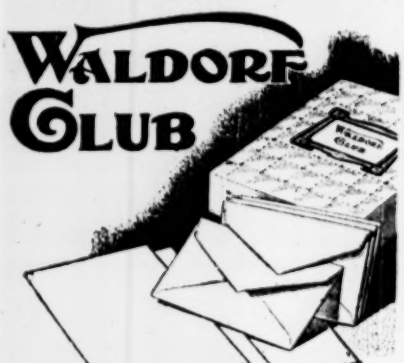

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comedian, conscious of evil, misery and disruption, but buoyed up by the exuberance of his own vitality. For many years before his death he suffered from a chronic and painful disease; but unlike such self-conscious moralists as Baudelaire, Nietzsche and Proust, he could not derive new insight from his infirmities. Illness was a thing to be put up with and, if possible, ignored. The works of his early and middle years remained his best.

Mrs. Dobie's book is a life of Daudet, not one of those mongrel products known as "critical biographies." A certain amount of incidental criticism and explanation is bound to occur in any biography of a writer; but Mrs. Dobie has done well to confine herself to the business of presenting Daudet's life and personality. She does not attempt to interpret or assess the works. While, on the whole, she refrains from intruding directly into the book, she has an unpleasant habit of reconstructing the states of mind of her subjects on specific occasions. These disturbing lapses into the technique of fiction may be based on passages in letters and other documents, but, if so, it would have been more convincing to quote the passages in question. In every other respect, Mrs. Dobie has taken care to name her sources and to make use of all the available material. She has succeeded not only in giving a full and unbiased account of Daudet's life, but in drawing vivid portraits of his distinguished contemporaries and friends: the Duc de Morny, Gambetta and Rochefort, as well as Mistral, Flaubert, Edmond de Goncourt and Zola. A clear delineation of the political and social background—especially the pathetic tyranny of "Napoléon le Petit," the desperate flamboyance of his reign and the disintegration that could never be wholly camouflaged—adds depth and significance to the biography.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

TASTE AND DISTASTE

French Drawings of the Eighteenth Century. By DENYS SUTTON. *Pleiades Books.* 30s.

Nineteenth Century Drawings 1850-1900. By GRAHAM REYNOLDS. *Pleiades Books.* 30s.

French eighteenth-century art has lately been neglected in France as well as outside it; there are a few scholarly and specialist volumes, but we have no current, general work. Any book that deals with any facet of the subject is therefore welcome. Mr. Sutton has done an exemplary job; he has cunningly tailored his subject to fit the awkward pattern of this series of books, which seems more suited for individual monographs than general studies of a century. His text, both scholarly and discursive, is a comprehensive essay on the artistic background of the period, and his admirably diverse selection of plates is a commentary rather than a logical complement. Few of his examples are familiar: all are good. Especially commendable is his policy of amply representing minor artists. Each plate is accompanied by a good explanatory note and the volume includes a short bibliography (which surprisingly neglects to mention Fiske Kimball's *Creation of the Rococo*). These drawings, in turn melancholy and voluptuous, fanciful and realist, reflect the intelligence, folly and splendour, even the miseries of this age—the literary salon of Madame Geoffrin, conceits like Marie Antoinette's *Petit Hameau*, the court of Versailles at one end of the century, the tumbrils at the other. They are as varied in their own way as the works of Voltaire, Buffon, Crébillon and Rousseau. Yet in terms of art the eighteenth century is still too often considered frivolous, salacious and monotonously pretty. Possibly this book may help to break down this common English misconception, which Mr. Sutton discusses in his introduction. The poor quality of the colour plates is regrettable—the fine Watteau drawing is a mere mockery of the original.

The most recent addition to this series cannot qualify for the same measure of praise. Books about the nineteenth century abound in inept generalisations and loose thinking. But one had not expected these from Mr. Reynolds. Besides some odd opinions—Van Gogh's drawings are compared to "dancing, Bacchic shorthand"—the author is frequently carried away on the tides of his own distaste, as instance the passages on Forain, Toulouse-Lautrec and Guys. He is clearly more at ease with the English School, though some may find his estimate of them rather high—for example Alfred Stevens: "the most versatile, indeed the only all-round artist of his century". (What about David or Daumier?) Readers with similar enthusiasms will appreciate this volume; so will those who enjoy the pulpit ring, the Ruskinian overtones of some of Mr. Reynolds's judgements. On Beardsley he writes:

> 'Every mature drawing he made added something to an unbroken saga of the unholy. The poison is inoculated not by the incidentals only, the naked body, the bared breast, the powder puff, the slippers or the cane, but by the merging of these symbols into the distortions of natural proportions, the leering androgynous faces, the insinuations of the design.'

Alas poor Beardsley! At his most naughty he was merely roguish, and his obscenities far from being diabolical, are in turn funny, silly or incompetent—at best rather mannered *groteschi*.

It is not only Mr. Reynolds's text which is unsatisfactory. He provides no bibliography, no notes to the plates and no information about the dates of most of the drawings. The choice of plates in a volume of this sort is inevitably personal and arbitrary. Yet even making every possible allowance, Mr. Reynolds's selection remains decidedly poor though the quality of his plates is good. However, he disarms us by stating in his introduction that "defects of knowledge" and "predilections of taste" are responsible for any shortcomings. All the same it is unfortunate that Plate 17, attributed to Seurat, should be an unpleasant object which is no longer accepted as genuine by any competent authority. It was omitted from the exhibition at the Courtauld collection at the Tate Gallery last year.

JOHN RICHARDSON

Children's Games Throughout the Year. By LESLIE DAIKEN. *Batsford.* 18s.

The seasonal nature of children's games is one of the most curious features of their long history. This reviewer—a post-Edwardian—is surely not alone in recalling the silent but absolute laws (still, it seems, prevailing) which governed the appearance and disappearance of rope, ball, marble, hoop and top. To anyone, indeed, who has reflected (perhaps a little uneasily) on the ritual character of children's occupations, Mr. Daiken's bold month-by-month classification of a vast range of these pastimes will be of the greatest interest. Tops, we note, come out in March; skipping ropes in April, hoops in December. January's games are of pursuit and capture; May's of marriage and courtship. (*Nuts in May, Poor Mary is a-Weeping* are familiar examples.) Nourished on the teachings of *The Golden Bough*, some of us may hazard a little lay speculation on the source of these fashions: the choice of August for games of death and burial, though, is more mysterious. The rhymes, ranging from nonsense to poetry, are an attractive part of the book's content. Essential to most of the games, they provide, where the meaning is not hopelessly obscured, a key to their age and origin. Thus, *London Bridge is broken down* is traced to the early wooden bridge built at Southwark in A.D. 994. The verses, of course, absorb topical features. *My father works in the G.P.O.*, one variant runs. *Parnell, Went to the well . . . Charlie Chaplin went to France, To teach the ladies how to dance* are others. Irish rhymes, Mr. Daiken notes, are peculiarly reflective of political crises. One of the most beautiful songs quoted comes from the Champagne district—a French Ring game called *Le Pont de Londres*. Mr. Daiken has a sympathy for his subject that is outside scholarship.

Company Meeting

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CHAIRMAN'S ANNUAL STATEMENT

Mr. A. Harold Bibby, D.S.O., D.L., chairman of Martins Bank Limited, in his statement to shareholders, reviews the national economic scene and states that the events of 1949 in the fields of trade and finance were critical.

Mr. Bibby opens with a recapitulation of the bank's own year of progress showing a noticeable broadening of activities in both older and newer branches and a substantial increase in the number of customers. Deposits exceed £300 million for the first time in the history of the bank.

Mr. Bibby says he has continued to keep in touch with the officers of the bank who maintain the bank's reputation for courteous and efficient service and he extends to every member the Board's appreciation and thanks.

On economic matters Mr. Bibby rightly recalls that last year he and industrial leaders commented on aspects of Britain's fiscal measures as being inimical to the Nation's recovery. The crisis which culminated in the devaluation of the £ sterling now leaves with us what Mr. Bibby describes as "these problems of inflationary effects and high costs of production" which he says seem to be almost insurmountable.

He feels, however, they can be overcome and says that in inflation, which means too low production and too much credit, there can be three operative factors, namely, (1) through national and public expenditure; (2) through the banks giving excessive credit; or (3) by high wages for inadequate output of work. Mr. Bibby feels that the effective courses are (1) a drastic cut in Government expenditure far in excess of the figure of £250 million proposed, and easement in the overall strain of taxation on both fixed and working capital so that a sufficient residue can finance the extension and modernising of productive equipment; (2) a maintenance by the banks of their obligations regarding inflationary lending. In the national interest bank borrowing is at present confined to the finance of trade in the ordinary course of business, and the banks resist inflationary advances while seeking to meet all legitimate proposals to assist agriculture and industry, especially the export trade; (3) removal of the obsolete doctrine of the worker that if he produces too much he may find himself unemployed, and his realisation that higher production through new mechanical aids is a better safeguard against the collapse of employment.

The chairman concludes by stating that there must be willingness by all to work conscientiously before we can expect to solve our economic problems.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,039

Set by Janet Adam Smith

The usual prizes are offered for a Marching Song of not more than 20 lines, for Benelux, Fritalux, Finebel or Ukiscan, or any combination of those entities. Entries by January 10th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,036

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes are offered for cautionary tales for parents or children appropriate to the time of year. Limit 14 lines.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

Evidently the Crisis of Disbelief has been very worrying to the NEW STATESMAN parents over Christmas; and the prevailing note is one of ill-concealed irritation that Junior simply cannot be made to believe, however hard they try. This at least infused, as it should, a modern touch into the Tales. D. M. F., for instance, tells:

> The twins demanded something hotter
> Than the works of Beatrix Potter.

which leads through a child's edition of De Quincey to an addiction to "snow." Margaret Usborne's wretched George lost a legacy through recognising the tune (Tannenbaum) of a carol but singing to it the words (The Red Flag) which was all his progressive school had taught him. Other sets of ingenious verses were invented by Lakon, H. A. C. Evans, Colin Shaw (a winner if only his command of metre hadn't failed him), L. E. J., W. J. Strachan, T. T. Ormandy, E. Ordish and Denham Barclay. The first four printed below managed to combine exactly the right note of "terrible innocence" with an up-to-date fable and they win twenty-five shillings each. To the other three a consolation prize of seven and six.

His father for a Christmas Treat,
Had promised Bob a Panto seat.
But Bobbie, who was nearly nine,
At once began to Moan and Whine.
His heart, it seemed, was all on fire
To see *A Streetcar Named Desire.*
His mother, who was quite au fait,
Considered it was Not the Play.
"Why not?" he screamed, "Why can't I go?
Tell me, Mamma, I want to know."
And, turning just a little red,
"It isn't Suitable," she said—
At which the brat pronounced a Word
Even Papa had never heard. H. G. W.

This is the Tale of Frederick Wermyss
Whose Parents weren't on speaking terms.
So when Fred wrote to Santa Claus
It was in duplicate because
One went to Dad and one to Mum—
Both asked for some Plutonium.
See the result: Father and Mother—
Without Consulting one another—
Purchased two Lumps of Largish Size,
Intending them as a Surprise,
Which met in Frederick's Stocking and
Laid level Ten square Miles of Land.
MORAL
Learn from this Dismal Tale of Fission
Not to mix Science with Superstition.
H. M. K.

Prudent children when they are
Buying presents for Papa
Act with care and do not choose
Anything he might misuse.
Paul whose father was in thrall
To the demon Alcohol
Bought him like a silly ass
Half a demi-john of Kvass
Thinking (if he stopped to think)
That it was a temperance drink.
Now the wretched orphaned brat
Realises sadly that
Certain gifts though kindly meant
Ruin the recipient. H. J. R.

Augustus Eggshell came to die
Because of his desire to fly
(Which was not really in his power).
For when he climbed the Chapel tower
At Christmas with the choir, and heard
The songs ascend like any bird
Towards the sky, he also jumped
And hurtled to the ground, which bumped
Him off. Alas! His choirboy suit
Was useless as a parachute.
The fate of foolish little Gus
A Moral has for each of us:
The Law of Gravity destroys
Precocious, levitating boys.
J. R. SCOTT (*address please*)

At five young Elmer Bedson Knox
Was anything but orthodox.
It gave his Mother poignant grief
To dwell on Elmer's unbelief.
His Pater also mourned because
The laddie sneered at Santa Claus,
While Father Christmas, so he said,
Was only jolly Uncle Fred.
A riddle—almost an acrostic—
Why Elmer should be an agnostic.
"The pendulum," said Nurse, "may swing.
And then he'll swallow anything."
How true, for later Elmer Bedson
Spent pounds and pounds on patent medicine
ROBERT GAFFIKIN

A father, dreading to repress
His twin sons' self-expressiveness,
Urged them at the Christmas table
To hog as much as they were able.
Two turkeys each they bolted down—
Nor did their foolish parent frown.
His acquiescence grew and grew
As each rich course was gobbled through.
He uttered not the gentlest "Tuts"
As down went pounds and pounds of nuts.
To disapproval he was goaded
Too late—when both the boys exploded!

Parents! Christmas is the season
For blending tolerance with reason.
EDWARD BLISHEN

When Christmas time came round again,
Papa gave John a clockwork train,
But not so much to please the child
(Who much preferred the works of Wilde),
As to afford himself the joy
Of playing with the childish toy.

So consequently when the lad
Was twenty-one, he gave his Dad
(A diehard Tory, Lyle and Tate's man)
A year's subscription to *The Statesman.*
JOYCE JOHNSON

RESULT OF SPECIAL CHRISTMAS COMPETITION

Set by Giles Romilly

LE BOIS AMICAL

Nous avons pensé des choses pures
Côte à côte, le long des chemins,
Nous nous sommes tenus par les mains
Sans dire . . . parmi les fleurs obscures;

Nous marchions comme des fiancés
Seuls, dans la nuit verte des prairies;
Nous partagions ce fruit de féeries
La lune amicale aux insensés

Et puis, nous sommes morts sur la mousse,
Très loin, tout seuls parmi l'ombre douce
De ce bois intime et murmurant;

Et là-haut, dans la lumière immense,
Nous nous sommes trouvés en pleurant
O mon cher compagnon de silence!
PAUL VALERY

Competitors are invited, for prizes of six guineas to translate this poem into English verse, with or without rhyme.

Report by Giles Romilly

Simple but not easy: that seems to have been the feeling of most competitors, and I would like to thank the many among them who expressed their pleasure in Valéry's poem or accompanied their translations with interesting comment. There's a certain kind of simplicity of language in some French poetry which is difficult to translate, but good translation must suggest it. I looked for that, for economy in development (so remarkable here) and also for tact: this poem can't stand the grotesque or clumsy. The number of entries was very great, but these requirements reduced them to about fifty, and out of these I took twelve which were also pleasing and unusual in themselves. The best is that of Philden, who most nearly suggests the shape, sense, surprise, and masculinity of the original. This outweighs two minor weaknesses—" that night " in his first line, and " seen " for *partagions*—and wins him three guineas. John Anderson, S. B. Jones, E. D., and Dupont divide the remainder. S. B. Jones might have claimed a solitary second place if he hadn't ended weakly; the opening and end of the poem proved the most taxing to competitors. Honourable mentioned: J. Eker, F. C. C., Pithecus, H. S. O., W. J. S., Esma H. Berte, John Overton, and Prudence Martin (aged 15), whose pretty version was spoiled by beginning with the phrase: " Absorbed in contemplation . . ."

The purest thoughts that night were ours;
We passed in silence side by side,
Hands touching, down the forest ride,
Unspeaking . . . among the hidden flowers.

We wandered on like lovers then,
Alone; the night was darkly green:
The moon's enchanted fruit we'd seen,
The friend to passion-driven men.

And then upon the moss we died
Remote in the lonely shadowy ride
Beneath the friendly, whispering trees:

And up above in the brightness of space,
My dear, dear friend of silences,
Weeping, we came face to face.

PHILDEN

Along the paths we wandered, hand in hand,
And those clear thoughts went with us, hour by hour.
Wordless we went beside the sunless flower;
We were alone in all that lonely land.

Green meadow-midnights held us in their power;
We walked like a betrothal through the fields,
In the compassion of a moon that yields
Benign moon-madness like an elfin dower.

And now upon this moss we two lie dead,
Apart, remote, alone within the shade
Of trees that bend and whisper in our ears:

And in the light transcendent, there above,
We two have found each other, and with tears,
Companion of my silence, O my love.

JOHN ANDERSON

Pure our thoughts while walking
the highways of the night;
among the flowers, darkening,
silent hands unite;

promised lovers linking
in green grass-light,
the antic moon providing
fairy fruit to bite;

then we are dying
on the mossy ground,
close sweet whispering
of woodland all around;

far above finding
ourselves, dear eremite
(tears up-welling)
in the fields of light.

S. B. JONES

Only: he purest thoughts were ours
as, close, along the paths, we led
each other by the hand and said
no word . . . among the shadowy flowers;

like lovers betrothed, on our strolls
alone in the meadows' green night,
we shared that fruit of fairy light
the moon, kind to demented souls.

Then, far off, in a lonely glade
and the soothing whispering shade
of this familiar wood, we died.

And high in the light without end
we met again and wept, allied
in silence, O beloved friend!

E. D.

Our thoughts were pure and innocent
As side by side, the road along,
Holding each other's hands, among
The dim flowers, silently we went;
Alone, like pledged lovers we
Walked in the green night of the field;
And shared that fruit of faerie yield
The moon a friend to ecstasy
Then on the moss we lay as dead
Far off, alone, in the shadow shed
By the forest murmurously near;
And in the huge illuminated height
Weeping we found ourselves
O dear
Companion of the silent night!

DUPONT

As side by side along the paths we moved,
No thoughts we had that were not pure. At times
Each sought the other's hands and held them close
But spoke no word . . . amid the humble flowers.

Like two who are betrothed we walked alone,
At night, through meadows dark yet glowing green;
Together we absorbed the magic fruit
Which is the moon, benign to the insane.

We wandered far and then upon the moss
We died, alone, within the gentle shade
Cast o'er us by the friendly, whispering wood.

And in the outer space of boundless light
We came together and together wept,
Oh sharer of my silence, dearest friend!

J. EKER

What clear, pure things we thought of in those hours
When side by side down country ways we walked,
And touched each other's hands, but never talked,
No, not one word, among the folded flowers.

We walked, like those who would be married soon,
In the green darkness of the fields, alone;
And that enchanted fruit to darkness known,
That friend of the possessed, we shared—the moon.

Then, in the silence, on the moss, we died.
How far away it was we came to die,
Alone, with softest shade on every side—
The whispering inmost wood. . . .
And there, on high,
In the vast light, weeping we found each other,
Ah you, who in that silence were my brother.

F. C. C.

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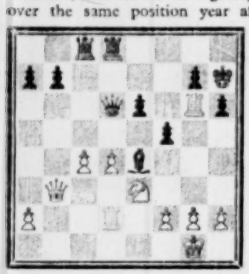
CHESS: Even Analysts Go Wrong

No. 19

Some time ago, this column contained a few examples of bad blunders committed by famous masters, and a record number of our competitors eagerly sought to prove where exactly "Homer had nodded." This was very comprehensible, for who of us would not like to feel more widely awake than Homer, and who of us would not find it soothing for our self-respect to see that even the greatest masters are not immune against that silly blundering which gives us so frequent cause for bitter and futile self-reproach?

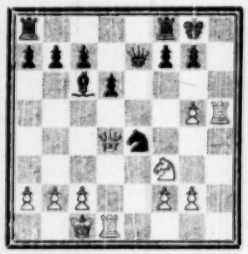
How much more soothing then to see that the analyst too, serenely removed from the strain of the struggle and the menace of time-pressure, is far from infallible, and that even a galaxy of analysts, poring over the same position year after year, may well overlook a perfectly obvious continuation apt to confound all their clever and painstaking investigations. Take this position which occurred in the Zuckertort-Steinitz match at St. Louis, 1886. White's 33. move was P-B5, which Steinitz countered by R x P. Zuckertort played R x KP, and after (34) . . . . R-B8ch (35) Kt-Q1, Q-KB5, White soon resigned. The game was widely reprinted and repeatedly analysed, and no one ever questioned Steinitz's own comment that by (34) Q x KP his opponent could have forced the exchange of Queens and brought about an end game which Black would have found by no means easy to win. For over sixty years this was accepted as gospel-truth in scores of chess books all over the world. But a year or two ago, the Hungarian master T. Salo discovered that after (34) Q x KP, Black could win forcibly and brilliantly in a few moves. Why and how?



An even more interesting flaw was recently discovered in a famous little game played by Alekhine (1933) in a simultaneous performance

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(10) P-KR4	P-KR3 !
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(11) Kt-Q5 ?!	P x B
(3) B-Kt5	P-Q3	(12) Kt x B ch	Q x Kt
(4) P-Q4	P x P	(13) KRP x P	Kt x KP
(5) Q x P	B-Q2	(14) R-R5	Q-K3
(6) B x Kt	B x B	(15) QR-R1	P-KB4
(7) Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(16) Kt-K5 ! !	P x Kt
(8) B-Kt5	B-K2	(17) P-Kt6 !	resigns
(9) O-O-O	O-O		

Now it so happened (in 1942) that E. Böök, the Finnish master had an opportunity to play the same game against an opponent who (unlike Böök) did not know the Alekhine brilliancy. It was only on the 14 move that Böök's opponent deviated from Alekhine's victim by playing (14) . . . . . P-KB4. White now had to play P-Kt6 at once, and after (15) . . . . Q-K3 he could play Kt-K5, just as Alekhine on his 16 move. Now, if only Black would oblige by taking the Kt, White could play R-R1 and thus, in effect, restore the precise position of Alekhine's victory. This, indeed, happened, and Black promptly resigned. Böök, having practically copied Alekhine's book had used only a few minutes on his clock; but during the half hour his opponent brooded over his 16 move. Böök had a good look of his own at the position and was horrified to see that Alekhine's famous combination had quite a flaw and that his own opponent, if only he made the right move, had as certain a win as Alekhine's victim might have had. Well, Böök's opponent saw the right line as little as Alekhine (or all the analysts and annotators of his famous game) had seen it. Why and how, then, should both Alekhine and Böök have lost?



Position after White's 14 move.

Competitors (for the usual prizes) are invited to do better than Steinitz, Alekhine and the rest of them.

Entries by January 23.

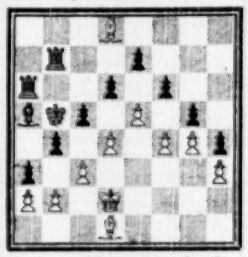
REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 16

A: (1) . . . Q-Kt5 ch. (2) K-R2, Q-R4 ch. (3) K-Kt2, Q-Kt5 ch. (4) K-B1, Q x RP.

B: (1) K-Kt1, K-Kt2. (2) R-KR6, K x R. (3) K-B1, K-Kt4. (4) K-Q1, R-KR1. (5) K-K1, R-R7. (6) K-B1, R-R8 ch. (7) K-K2, R-R7. (8) K-B1, etc.

C: (3) . . . R-QR6. (4) R x R, P queens. (5) R x Q.

I seem to have made things too simple by giving that hint about the Hasek study. There were so many correct (and near-correct) solutions that I can't mention them all. I will make an exception for J. Anderson Stewart, not so much because he craves encouragement as a Scotsman but rather because he claims to have first publicised the Keres-Cholmov position in this country. The consolation prize is fittingly shared by D. E. Cohen and E. Hopkinson who, while slipping up here and there, seem to have taken infinite pains. First prize for R. A. Slade who, along with perfectly correct solutions, sent in a reminder of another famous draw (Edw. Lasker-Lewitt, Hamburg, 1910) and of this amusing old position. After B-R 4 ch, K x B, White draws by pushing up all his five movable pawns, the first four with a check.



ASSIAC

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WRITER (bachelor) seeks very quiet accommodation London. Some meals and light service. Box 4402.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

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YOUNG couple require 2-3 unfurnished rooms, kitchen, bath, garden, London. Child expected. Box 4206.

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WOMAN graduate (Oxon.) urgently requires quiet flatlet or other furn. or unfurn. accommodation. N.W. London. Box 3893.

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DOCTORS, Dentists, etc. Detached House, quiet road, close Ealing Broadway. Admirably suitable professional and/or domestic occupation. All modern conveniences. Recently redecorated. 7 Bedrms., 1 dressing room, 2 bathrms., 3 large reception., morning rm., Kitchens, refrig. and other accessories. Well-stocked, good-sized garden. Long lease. Low price for quick sale. Box 3572.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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ASIAN Institute, for promotion of brotherhood and cultural relations, offers a central meeting place to all Asians in London. Membership also open to Non-Asians interested Asian affairs. Annl. subs. 21s. Students 10s. 6d., with full name, nationality & address, to D. P. Chaudhuri, Sec., 17 Irving St. W.C.2.

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AT Last—"Shloer Liquid Apples" (in daily use in the famous Bircher-Benner Clinic in Zurich) is now produced in this country from selected English apples and is acknowledged one of the finest pure unfermented apple juices ever produced; available in leading hotels, restaurants, and from retailers; if unobtainable from your usual supplier send us £1 5s. for one dozen 20-oz. bottles, carriage free. E. I. Michel & Co., Ltd., 415-417 Oxford St., W.1.

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ALL Leather Brief Cases. Brown. Superb quality and craftsmanship. Size 15in × 11in. with 2 straps & triple lock. One pocket each 32s. 6d. Two pockets each 45s. Three pockets each 62s. 6d. Document Cases. Brown. Size 15in. × 10½in. with 24in. zip. (a) All leather 20s. each. (b) Real hide 32s. 6d. each. Tax and post free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 70), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

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OPEN to purchase. Modern Literature of all kinds. Fiction, non-fiction and standard works. Small lots or complete libraries purchased. Bernard Hanison, Books, 57 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2 (Temple Bar 8264).

PRE-WAR Novels wanted. Not pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

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L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

WHY don't you dance at the party? "The Victorian Waltz" is a book that will teach you the steps of the old-time waltz. From Booksellers 2s. 6d. or by post 2s. 9d. from M. Haygarth, 8 Silver St., Bury.

"HUMANITY"—the journal of the Atomic Age. An illustrated monthly Review of news and events relating to the spreading idea of World Government, described by Lord Boyd Orr as a magazine which "makes articulate what the thinking peoples in all countries feel to be the greatest of all issues on mankind." Gift annual subscription rate 10s. expires January 31. Usual rate: 13s. (post free). Send to-day for free trial copy, enclosing 1d. stamp. United World Publications, 341 Bath St., Glasgow, C.2.

"THE Next Fifty Years," by Bertrand Russell, is one of the many topical articles in the current issue of "European Affairs" (1s. monthly). Specimen free: Circulation Manager, 245 Oxford St., W.1.

ARE Soviet artists, scientists free? Read Anglo-Soviet Journal, Vol. X, No. 4, just out, on this and many other questions. Texts of lectures given here by Soviet delegates. 2s. 6d. (post 3d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

JOURNAL of Sex Education, a popular-scientific Journal for the sexual enlightenment of adults, bi-monthly, 2s. 3d. post free. Enquiries with stamped addressed envelope to 16 Devonshire Mews West, W.1. WEL. 1840.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provisions of the Control of Employment Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Agricultural or Chemical Microbiology. Salary £750–£950 (Australian) per annum plus £120 per annum cost of living allowance, subject to superannuation contributions. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is February 11, 1950.

THE Trades Union Congress invites applications for the post of Secretary of the Research and Economic department. Thorough knowledge of economic and political theory essential and actual experience of research work desirable. Salary £700, rising by three annual increments to £850 per annum. Particulars of the appointment and form of application obtainable up to January 16 from Vincent Tewson, C.B.E., M.C., T.U.C. Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

CENTRAL Office of Information. Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Information Officer to serve as administrative assistant and deputy to the head of the Translations Section of Overseas Press Services Division. The successful candidate will be required to supervise staff translators, to estimate wordage and costs and to check translations, to translate from French and one or more other languages, to supervise records and pass accounts for payment. The qualifications required are a first-class knowledge of French and one or more other languages and experience in high-speed translation. Salary, £675–£800 (men), £550–£675 (women). Written applications, giving date of birth, full details of qualifications and experience, including dates, should be addressed to London Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1, quoting reference J.A.194. Original references must not be forwarded. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

LONDON School of Economics (University of London). The British Library of Political and Economic Science has two vacancies in Grade IIA or IB; salaries on the scales £350 × £25–£500 or £500 × £30–£700, according to qualifications. Candidates should be graduates. Experience in librarianship is desirable, and for one of the posts a knowledge of Russian would be an advantage. Further particulars may be obtained from the Librarian, British Library of Political and Economic Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, W.C.2, and applications should reach him not later than February 1, 1950.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Overseas Assistant, Northern Ireland, based at Belfast. Duties will concern programmes from Northern Ireland for the Overseas and European Services of the B.B.C. and from Dominion and Foreign broadcasting organisations for Northern Ireland Home Service: they will entail programme arrangement, production, selection of speakers and revision of scripts, and supervision and routine over a wide field. The Overseas Assistant will bear full responsibility for some of these programmes and will co-operate with specialist producers on others. Knowledge of country life and Irish Folk Music will be an advantage. Starting salary £610 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by £40 to £890 per annum maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1., within 7 days, marked "Overseas Assistant, N. Ireland. N. Stm." For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

WEST Riding County Council. Grantley Adult College, nr. Ripon. Applications are invited from men or women for appointment as Resident Tutor at the Adult College, Grantley Hall, near Ripon. The College is residential and short courses on a wide variety of subjects are held there. The Resident Tutor will be required to lecture, lead discussion groups and play a prominent part in the social life of the College. He should be well qualified in some branch of social studies, preferably economics or social psychology. A knowledge of music will be a valuable qualification. Salary is in accordance with the Burnham Scale for Establishments for Further Education plus full board and residence. Special responsibility allowance may be paid. Further information and forms of application can be obtained from D. M. Hopkinson, Esq., M.A., The Warden, Grantley Adult College, Grantley Hall, nr. Ripon, to whom applications should be returned within 3 weeks of this advertisement.

LONDON County Council. Stockgrove Park, Bucks (3m. Leighton Buzzard)—resid. special school for 60 E.S.N. boys aged 13-16; Burnham Group 2 (S). Dromenagh, Iver Heath, Bucks (2m. Uxbridge)—resid. special school for 30 maladjusted boys; Burnham Group 2 (S). Applications invited for joint appointments (husband and wife) as acting headmaster and acting matron. Both schools opening March, 1950. Each headmaster to be a qualified teacher with appropriate exp. Temporary appts. in first instance. Furnished accomm., board and laundry. Forms and particulars from Education Officer (TSto), County Hall, S.E.1. Closing date January 28. (1527)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

BY arrangement with the Civil Service Commissioners, the Prison Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts of Assistant Governor (Class II (men) in H.M. Prison and Borstal Service. There will be about 15 vacancies. Age limits: at least 21 and under 45 on January 1, 1950. Candidates must be of sound general education, able to fill a position of responsibility, and with a genuine interest in difficult reformative work, either with boys and adolescents, or with adults. Salary (in London) £360 × £20–£580; rather less outside London. Starting pay may be increased by one increment for each year of age over 25 up to 30. Free unfurnished accommodation or an allowance in lieu. Applications in response to this announcement are not debarred by the Provisions of the Control of Employment Order, 1947. Application forms from the Establishment Office (A.G.II, Mer/2), Prison Commission, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle St., London, S.W.1, to be returned by Feb. 7, 1950.

SOCIAL Workers (women) are invited to apply for appointment as assistant organiser of children's care work in the London County Council Public Health Department. The duties involve social work in connection with the School Health Services and a social science diploma and experience in practical social work is desirable. Salary £375, rising to £500 a year. Senior positions are filled by promotion. Application should be made on a form which can be obtained from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, and should be returned within fourteen days. (1533)

APPLICATIONS are invited for appointment as Clinical Psychologist at Belmont Hospital which is concerned with the treatment of neuroses. Experience in vocational assessment of psychiatric cases will be an asset. Commencing salary £600 to £700 a year according to qualifications. Applications, giving full particulars as to age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent immediately to the Physician Superintendent, Belmont Hospital, Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey.

ESSEX County Council. Married couple, genuinely fond of children and interested in making a home, required to take charge of a children's Home at Braintree. Attractive house with accommodation for 22 normal boys and girls, aged 3-15 years, who attend local schools. Previous experience or training in residential work with children essential. Salary for House Father £336 4s. p.a. and for House Mother £265 4s. p.a., less £59 16s. p.a. in each case for full residential emoluments. Apply immediately to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

LADY Housekeeper required at Bootham School, York—a Public School of 200 boys under the management of the Society of Friends. Good training and good experience essential. Initial salary not less than £300 per annum, with free board and residence. The person appointed will be required to take up her duties on April 1, 1950, or as soon afterwards as possible. Applications with copies of testimonials to be sent before January 24 to The Bursar, Bootham School, York, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

EDINBURGH Association for the Provision of Hostels for Women Students. The Board of Management invite application for the post of Warden of Balfour Hostel. The appointment will date from September 1, 1950, and the salary will be at the rate of £300 a year, rising by annual increments of £10 to £350. Candidates must possess a University degree and must have had experience of residence in a University or College Hall or Hostel and in the management of a Hostel or similar institution. Further particulars may be obtained from Miss Looker, Principal Warden, Carlyle Hostel, East Suffolk Road, Edinburgh, to whom six copies of the letter of application should be sent not later than Tuesday, February 7, 1950.

HISTORY Mistress, temporary or permanent, some English & Latin, January, as resident in small boarding & day school. One hour London. Box 4213.

JUNIOR Boys' Club Leader (8-14's) required for The Oxford House, Mape St., Bethnal Green, London, E.2. Interesting residential post for a man keen on Community life and work. Salary according to experience. Apply to the Warden.

COLLEGE Bursar (woman) required. Shorthand/typing with some experience of bookkeeping. Residential duties with adult students. Good salary and excellent accom. Apply immediately, stating exp., to the Principal, Princess Alice College, Sutton Coldfield.

REQUIRED for small, but efficient, Social Service office, competent book-keeper shorthand-typist, able to take books to T.B. Write, stating age, experience and salary required, to Box 4139.

WEST London Synagogue, Upper Berkeley St., requ. a non-resident Lady Housekeeper. Apply in writing, stating exp. & quals., to Mrs. R. Elkin, 33 Seymour Place, W.1.

CORNWALL. Retired Doctor requires companion-housekeeper or married couple. No rough work. Box 4069.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ADVERTISER desires Secretarial, Personal Assistant or similar post. 14 years' lawyers' office. Knowledge Local Government, etc. Experienced general accountancy, office administration, etc. Box A.R. 235, 55 Bryanston St., London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—*continued*

ENERGETIC man, 29, seeks position. Extensive knowledge over 6 years all aspects Publishing and Bookselling. Organising ability, fluent German, some French; wide knowledge, interest International affairs; used to handling staff. Hardworking, absolutely loyal. Minimum £500 p.a. though prospects more important. London area. Box 4060.

LITERARY secretary, shorthand-typist, expd. handling MSS. subbing, etc., wide kndge. music, films, theatre, desires part-time work, typing (manuscripting, with author, lit./artistic organisation, etc. Box 3359.

GENTLEMAN, 48, good education. Widely travelled, seeks position as Secretary-Receptionist. Research work. Correspondence. Typing. Adaptable. Reliable. Car driver. London area. Box A.R. 238, 55 Bryanston St., W.1.

SCHOOLMASTER (30), reasonably progressive ideas, initiative, enthusiasm, seeks responsible post as Acting-Headmaster or House-Master. French, English, all-round athlete. Box 4091.

EDUCATED young man, 32, married, seeks responsible position where balance of artistic interests & sound commercial ability and exp. would be of service to progressive concern. Fluent French. Box 4095.

ENGINEER, aged 31 (A.M.I.Mech.E.) with exceptional educational background, electrical and mechanical experience, specialist in rate fixing, estimating and planning, is looking for a position where a combination of practical engineering knowledge, languages and savoir faire is required. Box 4204.

WARDEN during international work in considering change, spring or summer. Middle-aged. Married, both trained social welfare workers. Any suggestions. Box 4207.

HONOURS B.A. (man, 47), fluent French & German, exp. in International organisation, sks. post requiring initiative. Anything except teaching considered. Box 3944.

SUITABLE post giving scope for initiative, sought by young woman grad. (Oxon). Some editorial exper. and ability; Ger., Fr., Polish; typing. Instd. in people, literature, internat. organisations. Box 3687.

YOUNG man, graduate B.A., English, Psychology, seeks appropriate post to commence immediately. Box 4235.

AMERICAN girl (graduate Geneva) with fluent French, some German, knowledgeable economics and statistics, seeks executive secretarial job connected with sociological research or service, or educational or political publishing, or anything not involving shorthand which she does not know and will not learn. Box 4234.

WOMAN Doctor, 26, dislikes professional life, wants work where highly-trained and alive mind can be used. Prefer London but anywhere for interesting opportunity. Own car if necessary. Box 3980.

IN Bath. Travelled adaptable woman seeks part-time post. Salary secondary importance. Creative organising ability. Fluent French. Knowledge journalism, car-driving, typing. Box 3898.

ENGLISH and German shorthand-typist, own typewriter, would take dictation for home work. Also copying, translations, proof-reading. Box 4211.

STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Postgraduate Studentships. Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for: (a) 40 Postgraduate Studentships in any faculty, each of the value of not less than £250 and tenable for one year. (b) George William Britt (Senior) Studentship in Modern Languages, of the value of £100 and tenable for one year. (c) William Gilles Research Fellowship (Faculty of Science). Value £240 for one year. (d) A number of Postgraduate Travelling Studentships tenable for one year. Value of Studentship will be fixed in each case. For Studentships under (a), (b) and (c) Graduates must be of not more than three years' standing. For Studentships under (d) Graduates must be under the age of 28. Applications for all above Studentships must be received not later than March 1, 1950. Forms and further particulars from Academic Registrar, Senate House, London, W.C.1. *In certain circumstances Ministry of Education may supplement up to a max. of £241.*

PERSONAL

DOCTOR'S wife offers large unfurn. room, N.W. London, almost n.c., in exchange for part-time work from respons. woman, examy/exp. children. Refs. essen. Box 4257.

3-ROOMED Elizabethan cottage (gas, elec.) and use studio offered with small salary exchange few hours daily help cooking, etc. Somerset-Dorset border. Box 4070.

GERMAN woman student (21) desires exchange, mutual financial basis, to attend English University. Ursula Elias, Dolmetscherhochschule, Germersheim.

EXPERIENCED Skier (M.), linguist, seeks male companion for inexpensive ski-ing holiday Alps. Box 4202.

GERMAN student, 23, at present in England, desires agricultural work in Home Counties. Box 4083.

MEDITERRANEAN Coast: winter and spring holidays at 17/- 6d. per day in French villa on sea edge; sun, good food and company. One-way car seat avail. Box 4047.

PERSONAL—*continued*

WOMAN teacher, 40, B.A., domesticated, adaptable, requires country holiday post. August. Box 4062.

MODERN Ballet Theatre Co. will audition advanced students of stage movement for forthcoming production at Festival of Britain. Apply, giving personal details: Box 4115.

POTTERY week-ends at Sticks House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley (Tel. 147). Instruction for beginners; practice for others. Planned to afford opportunity for throwing, firing, decorating and glazing. Fri. evg. to Sun. evg. from £2. Series of 3 from £5. Long term residential craftworkers accepted. Secretary and Cook (friends) wanted soon.

YOUNG people's discussion group reqs. spacious room in central London private house for Sat. evenings. 25s. p.w. offered. Write "The Bridge," 76 Warwick Ave. W.9.

AVAILABLE for Summer School July 25 to Sept. 15, Witton Park Centre, Beaconsfield. Accommodation 80; lecture hall, studies, lovely surroundings, easy access London. Apply Admin. Officer, Foreign Office (German Section), Witton Park, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd. Liverpool 15.

AGENT wanted by well-established free-lance wishing-card designer desirous to contact Publishers for children's book illustrations. Only first-rate connections sought. Write Box 4092.

PITMAN'S shorthand. Private individual tuition in sunny flat. Day or evening. Phone PAD. 6929.

MENSA is a society for people who are very bright, extremely clever, highly intelligent. Particulars from the Secretary, Upwood House, Caterham, Surrey.

CHILDREN of overseas parents received in private home in East Grinstead. Holidays also. Only school age. Good school district. Information through Mrs. Harriet Nyemann, 5 Hyde Park Square, W.2.

SWISS Hols. for groups at low cost. Gissing, Salvan, Valais, Switzerland.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

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STATH Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence, in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephone. Garden. Hampstead 2281.

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CANAL Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffs., have 2 cruisers sleeping 2-6 people. Wide choice of routes in lovely scenery. Also house-boat with motorboat.

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PHILIP HUMPHREYS, *Psychologist*, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

ACCENT and Dialect eliminated. Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. (Speech and Drama), 5 Antrim Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 1369.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Oscar Kellerman, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

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RAPID and accurate translations undertaken from & into English, French, German, Span., Portuguese, Rumanian. Scientific & technical work a speciality. Box 3795.

WEEK-END house parties. London dances. For full prog. write/'phone Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. Hol. 5831.

AUSTRIA for cheapest Winter Sport holidays in Europe. Long hours sunshine, warm comfortable hotels, excellent food. Perfect ski-ing facilities. F. & S. Austrian Tourist (Dept. P) Bureau, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. ABBey 2214/5.

ERNA Low's Social Calendar, 1950: Skating party at Arosa Rink Jan. 22, Music week-end in February, holiday dance Feb. 11, Austrian winter sports holidays Feb. 5 and 17, Sussex week-end party Feb. 24. For all details apply 10 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 6911.

YOUR party, your home, our catering. This means that you can really entertain your guests. Laytons Wine Merchants, 22 Duke St. (by Manchester Sq.), W.1. WEL. 1864, 8808.

HALL, Leicester Sq., available for plays, films, lectures; classes, rehearsals, dinners, socials, dances. Apply Sec., Asian Inst., 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHI. 3673.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. M.), Wd. 2.30, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. "The Silver Curlew." Mems.

UNITY. "Buster," by Ted Willis. Weds.-Suns 7.30. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

MERCURY. Par. 5700. Evgs., 6.30. Mats. Thurs., Sats., 2.30: "Beauty & the Beast."

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand, W.C.2. Tem. 6261. John Wright's Marionettes, last perfs. Jan. 13-16. Watergate Workshop: Lenormand's "Time is A Dream," Tennessee Williams' "Lady of Larkspur Lotion," Thurber's "Macbeth Murder Mystery," January 17-22 inc. (exc. Fri.), 8 p.m. Mat. Fri., Sat., 5 p.m. Mems.

"LOVE for Love." Congreve's Comedy presented by Tavistock Rep. Coy., Jan. 14, 19, 20, 21, at 7.30 p.m. (Mat. Sat., 21st, 2.30 p.m.). Tavistock Little Th., 5 Tav. Place, W.C.1, 3 mins. Russell Sq. All bookable. 4s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 2s. Ring EUSton 1816 after 10 a.m. Box Office now open 6.30-9 p.m.

MOZART productions by City Opera Club at Toynbee Hall Th. "Bastien" & "Impresario." Jan. 19 & 20 at 7.30, 21st at 2.30. "Titus." Jan. 21, 7.30. Tkts. 3s. & 5s. RIV. 6360 or at Theatre 1 hr. prior performance.

UTOMO, celebrated Indonesian dancer. First London appearance, Jan. 28. King George's Hall, Gt. Russell St. Tickets (7s. 6d. to 21/-). Eastern World, 45 Dorset St., W.1. Tel. WEL. 7439.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., Jan. 15th, 7.30. "Angelina" (A) (Italian).

300 Film Club—first London showing "The Talisman" (Swedish); "Ballade Atomique"; "Myrte & Demons"; Jan. 19, 7.15. Treasurer, 27 Amherst Rd. W.13.

FILM Society—Tooting. Jan. 30, "White Hell of Pitz Palu," "1936 Olympic Games" (part). Feb. 20, "La Bête Humaine," etc. Mar. 20, "Hortobagy" & Chaplin festival, "Shoulder Arms," etc. 2s. 6d. & 5s. sub. covers all shows. Sec., 98 Fishponds Rd. S.W.17.

"LE Sang d'un Poète," Jean Cocteau's surrealist film. "La Tour," René Clair. Film show at Anglo-French Art Centre, CUN. 7854, Jan. 19, 8.30 p.m. Film Socy. members & members' guests, 2s. 6d.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Jan. 15, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Frederick Fuller, Danial Kelly, Eric Hope. German, English, American Songs. Beethoven Sonata A flat, Op. 110. Debussy, Aguirre, Fabini, Villa-Lobos Piano Solos. Adm. 1s.

DOLMETSCH Concerts, Cowdray Hall, W.1. Jan. 20, at 6.30 & 21, at 3. Byrd, Jenkind, Coperario, Purcell, Stradella, Corelli, &c. 9d., 6d., 4d., 3d., from Sec., Jesses, Haslemere/Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1.

DANCE. By the International Friendship League at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on Saturday, January 21, 7-11.15 p.m.

JUBILEE Dance. Central London Fabian Society, Sat., Jan. 14, 7.30 p.m., St. Martin's School of Art, 109 Charing X Rd. W.C.2. Fancy dress optional (max. cost of accessories 5s.), theme prize connected with the Arts. Please note change of venue. Adm. 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH Watercolours & Drawings from the Gilbert Davis Collection. The Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Until Jan. 14. Week-days 10-6 (Tu. & Thurs. 10-8). Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Watercolours by Chagall and Sutherland. Recent Gouaches by Raoul Ubac. Primitive Carvings. Priv. View Jan. 17, 3 p.m.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Important Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings, also modern French lithographs from 2 *guineas*.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Richard Ziegler, Jan. 2-31, 10.30-5.30. Sats. 10.30-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 131/134 New Bond St., W.1. Paintings & Watercolours of Spain by John Minton and Drawings by Leslie Hunter. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

TWENTY, Brook Street. Exhibitions. Paintings by Modern Masters and The Manchester Group.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Alan Clutton-Brock Paintings. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Exhibition of recent paintings by Theodore Garman; Rowland Suddaby; and Martin Battersby. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

"FROM Gainsborough to Hitchens" Exhibition of the Howard Bliss Collection of Paintings and Drawings, Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd. W.C.2. Exhibition of Rare Maps of the Counties of England. 9-6 daily (inc. Sats) until Feb. 4. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DEBATE—Raymond Blackburn, M.P. v. K. Zilliacus, M.P.—"Atlantic Treaty: U.N. Charter: World Peace." Monday, January 23, 6.30 p.m. Central Hall, Westminster. Admission by ticket, 2s. and 1s., from National Peace Council, 144 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

BRITISH-Polish Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Jan. 13, at 8 p.m. Aylmer Vallance: "How Poland Plans: the Launching of the Six-Year Plan."

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. "Political Prophecy." A discussion between Kingsley Martin, Editor, "New Statesman & Nation," and R. Palme Dutt, Editor, "Labour Monthly." Chairman: Lord Strabolgi. Thurs., Jan. 19, 1950, at 7.30 p.m., at Heal's Restaurant, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d.

DEBATE: "That Communist regimes destroy freedoms essential to modern civilisation." Dr. C. A. Smith v. Prof. H. Levy; Conway Hall, 7.30, Jan. 23. Tickets 1s. & (res.) 2s. 6d. at door or f. British League for European Freedom, 66 Elizabeth St., S.W.1.

A.I.A., 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. "Artists on Art" Brains Trust. Pasmore, M. Rothenstein, Trevelyan, Uhlman, and others. Thurs., Jan. 19, 8 p.m. Admission free.

"RELIGION & Socialism" starts series of 4 weekly discussion talks by Tom Sargant at Ex-Servicemen's Hall, Heriot Rd. Brent St., N.W.4, Jan. 17, 8 p.m.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tuesday, Jan. 17, 7.30 p.m. Talk by Mr. Ronald Chamberlain, M.P., on his recent visit to Czechoslovakia. Evening meal from 6.30. All welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Discussion meeting: "International Trade and Britain's Balance of Payments Problem," Wed., Jan. 18, 7.30 p.m., N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Adm. 1s. 6d.

"JUGOSLAVIA—the Facts." British Yugoslav Assocn Meeting, small Conway Hall, Tues., Jan. 17, 7.30 p.m. Chair: Ivor Montagu. Speakers: James Klugman, Michael Barratt Brown, Adm. 6d. at door or from B.Y.A., 12 Park Crescent, W.1.

"EIGHT Centuries of English Song." A lecture, illustrated by songs, will be given by Mary Hamlin for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, Jan. 19, 8 p.m. Adm. free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Wed., Jan. 18, at 8 p.m. "Elias Canetti," lecture by Wolf Mankowitz. Non-members 1s.

H. J. BLACKHAM: Why be Moral? At the Ethical Church, 42 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sun., Jan. 15, at 11 a.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Jan. 19, 7.30. "The Common Background of Indian Philosophy." All welcome.

HYPNOTHERAPY. A lecture and demonstration of hypnotic healing by Warne-Beresford at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Friday, Jan. 20, 7 p.m. Free treatment. Reserved seats, 3s. 6d. Others 2s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. January 21, at 6 p.m. Dottore J. B. Manighetti: "La Poesia de Giosuè Carducci."

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 17: 3rd in series on "Ethics and Modern Thought": Hector Hawton (Secretary of South Place Ethical Society). Adm. free.

SEX Education Socy., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, at 7.30 p.m. on Mon., Jan. 16. Lecture by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B. "Birth Control Methods—Good and Bad." Adm. 2s. Enquiries with stamped addressed envelope to 36 Devonshire Mews West, W.1. WEL. 7840.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtg., 11 a.m. Jan. 15: Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Rome's Holy Year." Adm. free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. Jan. 15: Seven Kinds of Dreams.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed. Jan. 18, 6.30. "Have We a Soul?" Mr. Cyril Moore.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SCIENCE and Psychical Research." Progressive League Conference from Fri. eve., 17th, to Sun. eve., 19th February, at Arnold House Hotel, Brighton. Programme: Dr. E. Graham Howe, "Philosophy and Ghosts"; Dr. A. J. B. Robertson, "Paranormal Phenomena from the Viewpoint of Chemical Biophysics"; Dr. R. H. Thouless, "Psychology and Experimental Psychical Research"; L. A. G. Strong, "The Poetic Approach to Reality." Chair: Dr. C. E. M. Joad. Fees: House, Mems. £2, non-mems. £2 5s.; Annexe, Mems. £1 17s. 6d., non-mems. £2 2s. 6d. Apply: A. C. Rankin (Hon. Sec.), 43 West Park, S.E.9. ELT. 1761.

COMPARATIVE Religion, Judaism, Christianity and Islam. Course of 12 lectures by R. S. Gaevernitz, Dr. philos., on Fridays 6.30-8 p.m. (fee for course, 2s. 6d.), beginning Jan. 13th, in Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Emgs. Educ. Office Mon. to Thurs. 3-5 p.m. MUS. 7512.

PORTUGUESE—Evening Courses for Beginners, Intermediate and Advanced Students, January 18-March 17, 1950, from 6-7.30 p.m. Full details from: Educational Director, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three Lectures on "The Audience of Beowulf" will be given by Miss D. Whitelock (University of Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on January 26, February 2 and 9, at the University of London: The Senate House (entrance from Malet St., W.C.1). Admission free, without ticket.

"PHILOSOPHY To-day." A course of Six Lectures will be given by Dr. John Lewis, Editor of The Modern Quarterly, at Marx House, on Friday evenings commencing January 20, 8 p.m. Admission 5s. for the Course. Single Lectures 1s. Details: Librarian, M.M.L., 37a Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C.1.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature, Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 215gns.; 21 days, 265gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1950 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

FOREIGN languages. Enrolment daily for Day and Evening Classes commencing in Jan and Feb. French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. Private lessons in all languages. Write, 'phone or call for prospectus (free): Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., Dept. SA2, 178 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. (Tel.: MAYfair 4640.)

FACULTY of Astrological Studies announce their programme for 1950 Session. Classes open Tues., Jan. 17, and prepare for Intermediate and Final (Diploma) exams in following Dec. Conway Hall (NSN), Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. The Faculty is a non profit-making teaching body. Principal, C. E. O. Carter, B.A., D.F.Astrol.S. Write Hon. Secy. for prospectus at above address. Enrol Now.

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